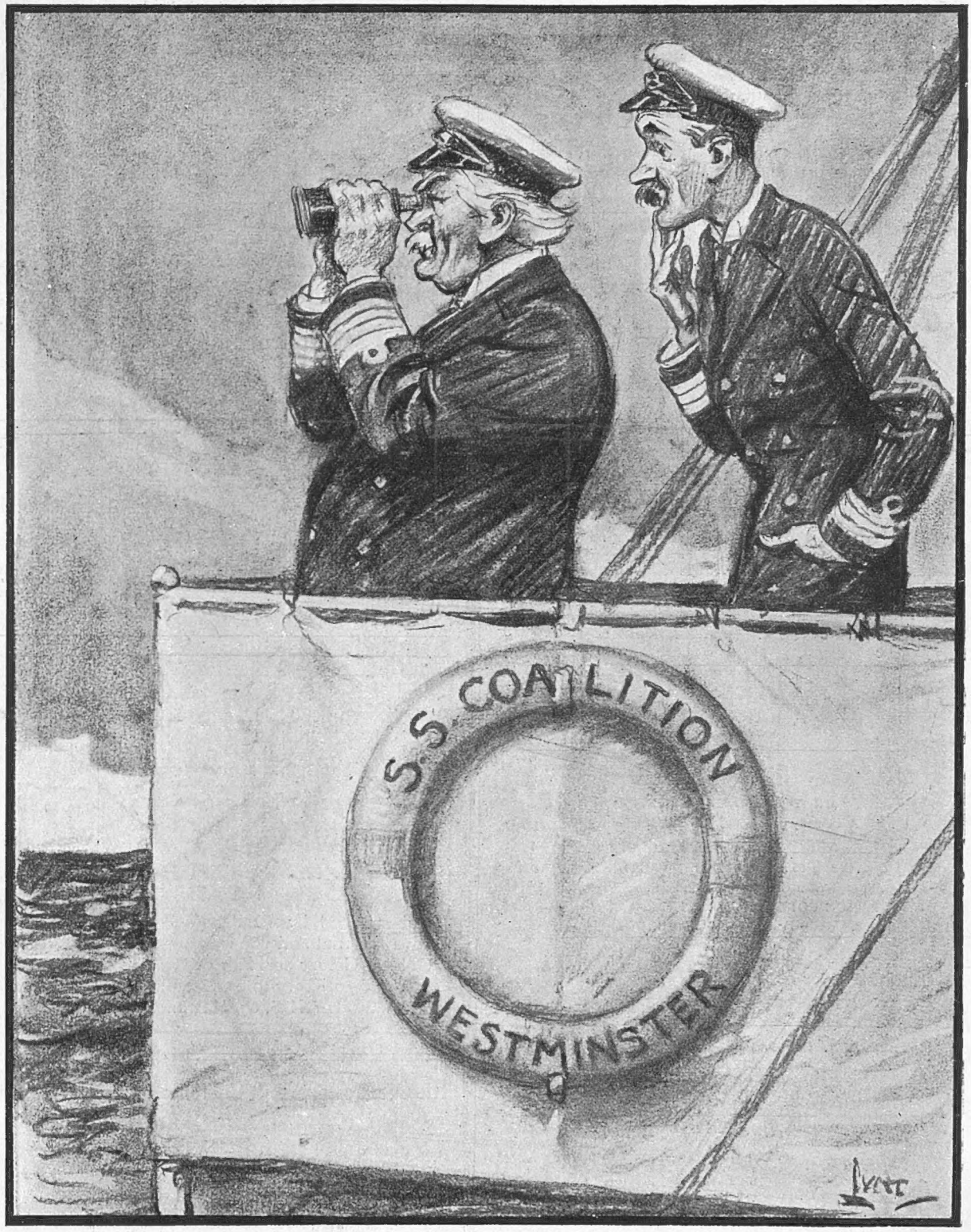
The Bystander, February 18, 1920 No. 846. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER



THE FIRST MATE: "DO YOU SEE SOMETHING AHEAD, SIR?"
THE CAPTAIN: "YES!—**MINES!**"

BY LUNT

ENTERTAINMENTS

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During the period from midnight of Monday, the 16th day of Feb., 1920, until midnight of Wednesday, the 25th day of Feb. 1920, the holder of the Coupon is entitled to the benefits of the Coupon Insurance-Ticket published in full in the issue of THE BYSTANDER of Feb 11, 1920, as if it had been published in this issue, but subject to the conditions therein contained, and provided the usual signature of such holder shall have been written in the space provided underneath before the accident.

Signature of holder.....

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"Ring up the Curtain!"

Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan! Good, my merry gentles, the King has gone down to his Parliament with the Queen, all a-gold and a-glitter, the Royal Speech has been read from the Throne, a most momentous Session has been opened, and the London Season has begun!

Things will begin to "vibrate" as they say in America, after Easter, but all during Lent there will be a good deal of entertaining of the quieter kind. The big functions always come when London looks its best—in May and June. This year there will be the great Foreign Office reception, and with my Lady Curzon of Kedleston as hostess, one can imagine how perfectly it will be done. But for a replica of the pre-war great parties—social, political, official, what you will—where are we to look in these days? Devonshire House, Stafford House, Lansdowne House count no longer, and Osterley closed its wonderful doors when the late Lord Jersey died.

The younger generation seem to have no idea of what used to be considered the first duty to "the party" by the highly-placed and passing rich. Lady Londonderry alone has realised the responsibilities of a great name, a beautiful house, and wide possessions. If I mistake not, Londonderry House and its beautiful mistress will uphold the old traditions very gallantly during the coming season.

Entertainments

THE Duke and Duchess of Sutherland may give afternoon parties at Sutton Place, unless they are installed at Hampden House—so long the abode of their Graces of Abercorn—before the season ends. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are sure to give entertainments at Syon House, which they have made their headquarters for London. It is a waste in these days of motors to leave a gorgeous house like Syon empty, just because suburbia has destroyed its "country villa" surroundings. The motor makes it a town house, and as such Mr. Smillie's critic and his Duchess are using it.

A Peeress and a Diamond

ALL you well-brought-up people who know your Shakespeare can say the play and scene in which "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," comes in. But, suppose you are a peeress standing up "high and disposedly" in the House of Lords, and just as the Majesties of England enter, a diamond drops out of your tiara and falls straight down your back inside your dress. And then comes the Royal command for everybody to be seated!

I say no more, except that peeresses are not expected to wriggle during the King's Speech from the Throne, that it really happened last Tuesday, and that a straying diamond is neither eider-down nor a crumpled rose-leaf.

Patriotism and Coal Rations

OUR bureaucrat has no understanding of patriotic motives. When coal was rationed and we all had to fill in those papers with dizzying calculations about cubic feet, a friend of mine was doing an important and essential bit of war-work. It was a long way from his home, which he shut up, taking his wife and children to the place where he was working.

As there was only a caretaker in the house when the coal ration order came out, he applied only for

MORE SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

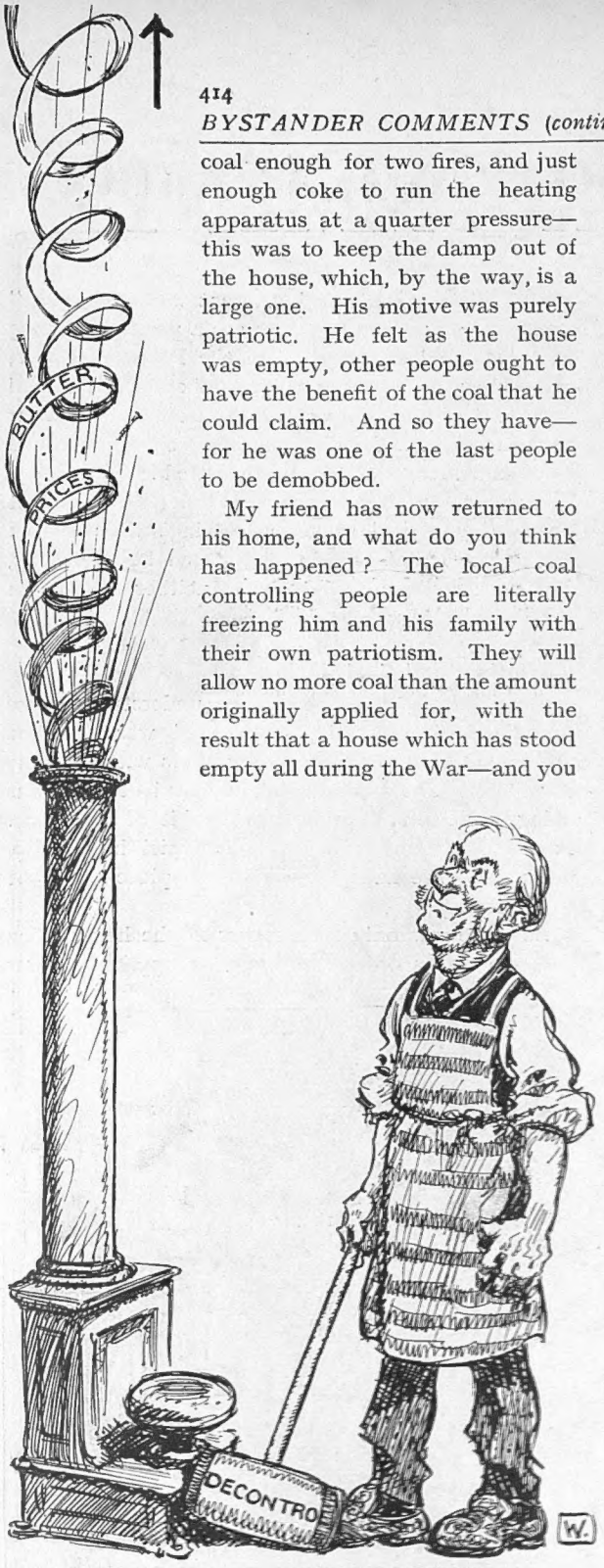
BONAR: "That's good. Now smile!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

coal enough for two fires, and just enough coke to run the heating apparatus at a quarter pressure—this was to keep the damp out of the house, which, by the way, is a large one. His motive was purely patriotic. He felt as the house was empty, other people ought to have the benefit of the coal that he could claim. And so they have—for he was one of the last people to be demobbed.

My friend has now returned to his home, and what do you think has happened? The local coal controlling people are literally freezing him and his family with their own patriotism. They will allow no more coal than the amount originally applied for, with the result that a house which has stood empty all during the War—and you who are house-holders know what that means—can only have fires in the kitchen and nursery.



GOING UP LIKE—GREASED LIGHTNING

When prices come down again we hope to reproduce the remainder of this picture which has gone off the page!—Ed.

By W. E. Wigfull

All the answer he can get from the coal bureaucrats is that they are there to distribute coal, not to consider motives. If he had not been so thoughtful and patriotic, my friend by now would have his cellars bursting with coal, and be able to have fires halfway up the chimney. Of course, he is appealing to higher powers, but it is sure to be midsummer before anything is done.

Matters of Talk

I don't know which has been talked of most during the past week—the figure of Christ, by Epstein, in the Leicester Galleries, or the announcement that Brinsmeads, couldn't make any more pianos because of high wages and shorter hours. Frankly, I believe, most people have been shocked by the Epstein figure, and all the art critics have been singularly guarded and reticent.

Foreigners always accuse us of being hypocrites—perhaps in some things we are—but there is one quality right deep down in the British nature, and that is reverence. It is not a matter of religious belief at all—it is something deeper. We call it reverence for want of a better name. Myself, I believe it is one of the national instincts. Mr. Epstein doesn't understand this fact, and that is why folks of all shades of feeling and opinion are hurt and dismayed—probably they don't quite realise why—when they see the gaunt Byzantine figure, with its negroid face and fanatical eyes that he has labelled with a sacred name.

Everyone who has been preaching that the demands of Labour for higher, higher, and still higher wages with shortened hours must ultimately bring Capital to the bottom of its pocket, has seized upon Brinsmeads' notice to its workmen as a proof of their contention and a feather which shows the way the wind is beginning to blow.

Brinsmeads' is not the only firm which has come to the same decision, but, in each case, the retort of the workpeople is "ineffective management." There are always two sides to a question, but there is one point that Labour will have to learn—capitalists cannot be expected to be philanthropists any more than workpeople. The sooner this fact is learnt the better for everybody. In the meantime Brinsmeads' are trying a "probationary" period. It will be most interesting to see what happens, because it really stands for a test case in this time of topsy-turvydom. By the way, reverting to the Epstein exhibition for a moment, Father Bernard Vaughan has some strong things to say of the statue of Christ in the current number of *The Graphic*.

Bill Gawber Orates

"'Ave yer bin ter Earl's Court, Clarence?" asked Bill Gawber, casting an incredulous glance at the inside of his pint pot, which he found prematurely empty.

"Earl's Court?" I replied, vaguely. "But have they started again? Ah! it seems a long time since I went down the water chute, with Muriel holding . . ."

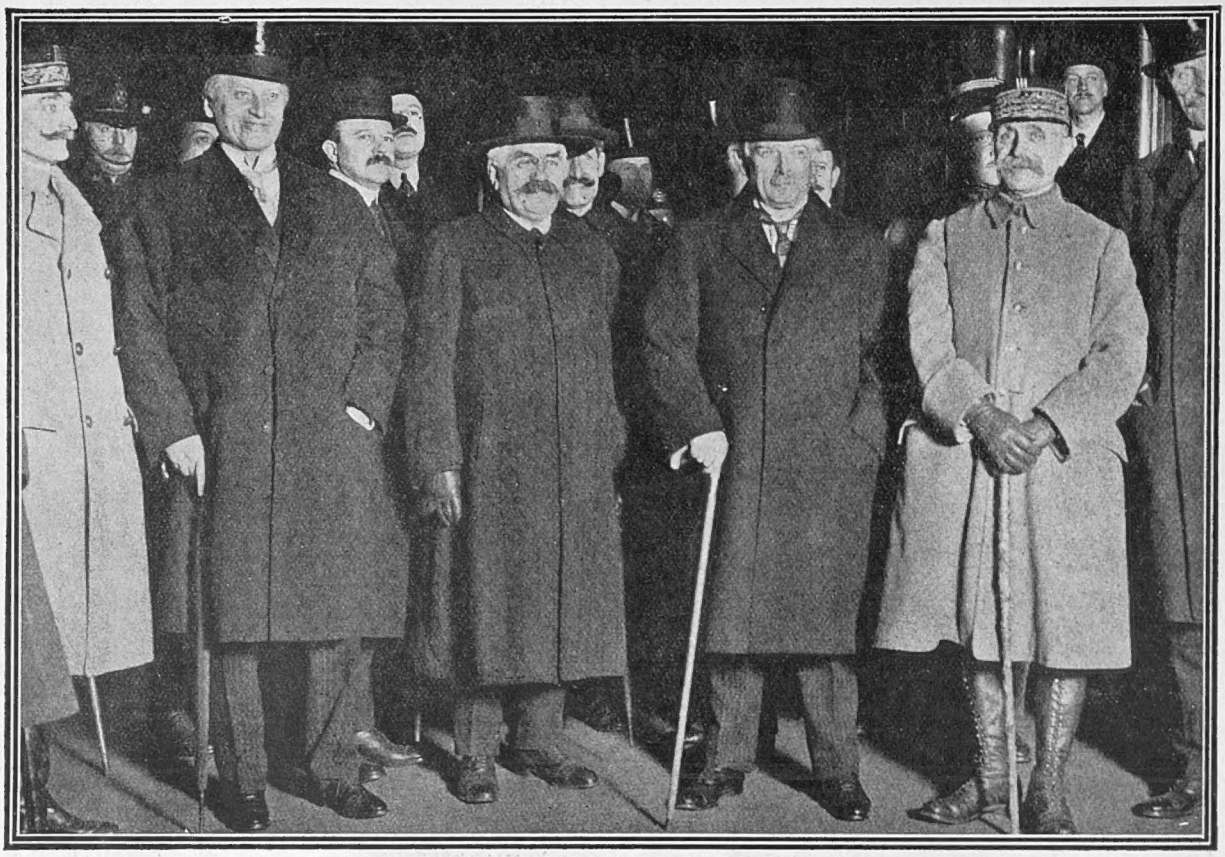
"I don't want ter 'ear nuffin' abaht the vicious dissipations o' the Smart Set, see? I ain't talkin' abaht the (purple) exhibition. I'm talkin' o' the sale of army junk as is a-goin' on. I went rahnd the other dye. I thought a ridin' whip'd come in useful when I 'as an argyment with Mrs. Gawber on a Saturday night. My! wot a gime! Yer might a thought yer was in the amalgamated church bazaar of Great Britain an' Ireland: boxes for cartridges, an' boxes for ammunition, an' bottles, an' buttons, an' tyres, an' wires. I goes up ter a sergint: Me lad, I sez, wot can a pore (bloater) do with this ere junk? I sez. Convert it, e' sez. Convert yerself, I sez; I'm sived, I sez. Come an' see the convertible bed

(*Continued on page 416*)

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE



Photograph] **MARSHAL FOCH AND M. MILLERAND ARRIVE IN LONDON** *[L.N.A.*

Mr. Lloyd George welcomed Marshal Foch and M. Millerand at Victoria last Wednesday. Left to right: Lord Curzon, M. Millerand, Mr. Lloyd George, and Marshal Foch

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

mide o' reject 4.5 How. Cartridge boxes, 'e sez. Lie down, 'e sez. It ain't 'arf bad, I sez. 'Ow much, I sez. Then something 'appened, an' I was 'angin' on a peg. Wot's this? I 'owled, yer (pink) reptile. It's turned inter a 'atstand, sez the sergint, that's why we corls it convertible. Ar! I'd a given 'im a thick ear if 'e 'adn't 'opped it while they got the seat o' my pants free.

Ideal Homes

"DON'T yer laugh, yer (corroded) toad. Just because once in a wye I tries to get 'old o' somethin' cheap ter mike the 'ome brighter I came 'ome with a container, wot 'ad 'ad a complete round in. My ideer, Clarence, was ter paint it somethin' quiet an' tony. That was orl along of 'avin' dropped in at the Ideal 'Ome Exhibition on me wye ter the yard. Yer bin ter the Olympier, course. Well, I don't 'old with these 'ere new-fangled 'omes. This 'ere ideal seems ter me ter be a 'ome from 'ome, as they sez at the seaside, an' long may it stay there. Well, I wos sayin' as I'd been round a-seein' rooms painted a sort of pale green as'd give yer the (flocculent) pip ter live in, an' nurseries papered with patterns o' cats an' dogs 'avin' fits, when I comes acrawss an umbrella stand. That give me the ideer abaht that (ravaged)container. T'was ter be an umbrella-stand. But, would yer believe it? Mrs. Gawber didn't fancy it. I ain't got no (foaming) umbrella, she sez; wot we want an umbrella-stand for? she sez. Wot could I say? She was right. So I jest split 'er lip for 'er.

Photograph *Central News*

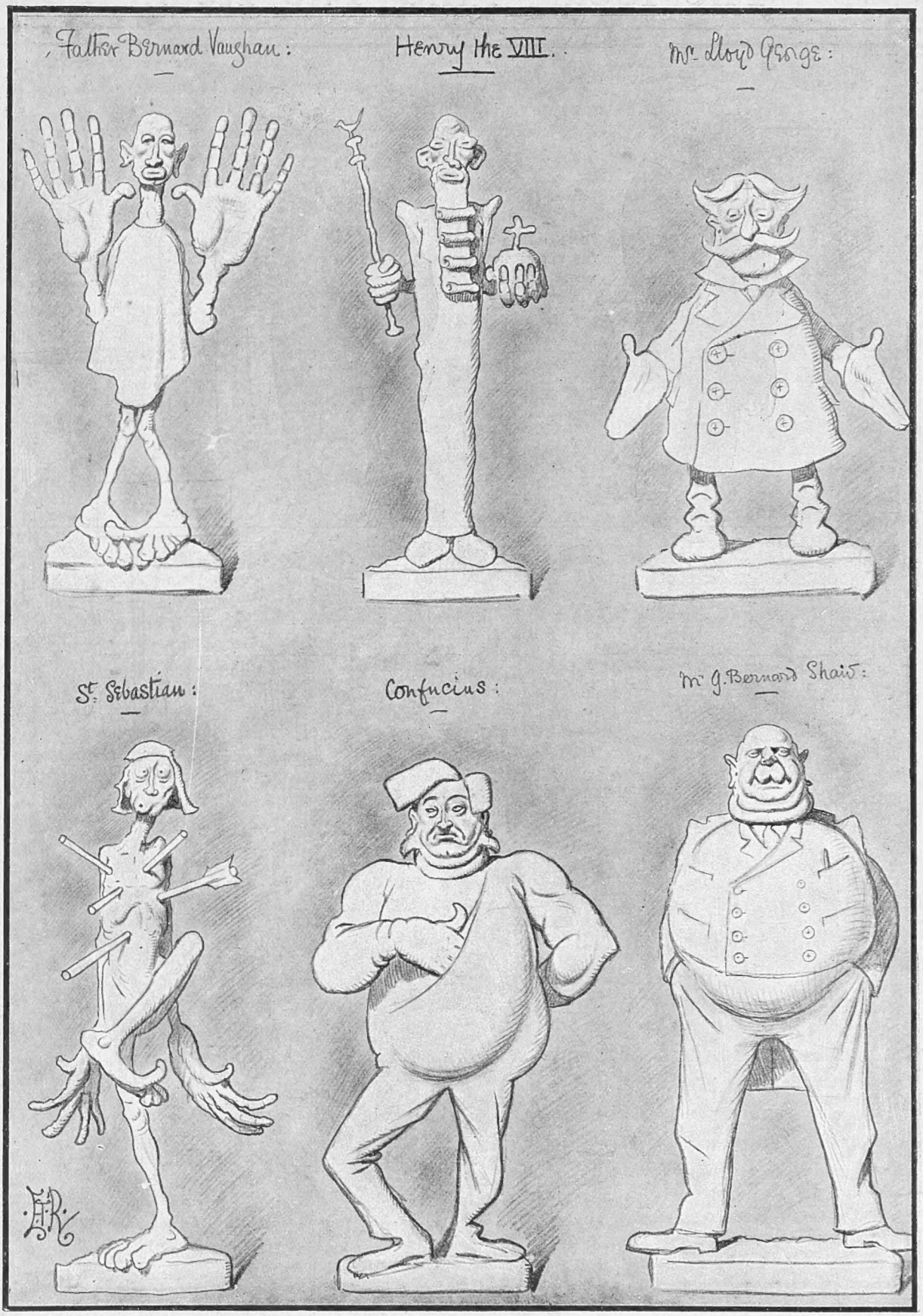
PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCE HENRY

Watching an exciting finish in a Challenge Cup Race at Cambridge University Steeplechases, which took place on Thursday last

Eternal Woman

"I TELL yer, Clarence, yer may be right ter go in for the vices o' the (scarified) aristocrercy, 'stead o' respectable (females) like Mrs. Gawber. I begins ter think Mrs. Gawber is one o' these 'ere 1920 wimmin as Dr. Murray-Leslie was gassin' abaht ony the other dye. Mrs. Gawber don't care for 'er 'ome as she usedter before the War; she's allus a 'angin' over the garden palin's now, a-talkin' abaht jazz bands (jazz bands is fairly ravagin' the 'Ackney Club for Undesirable Mothers), a-talkin' ter Mrs. Mardy as lives next door, 'oo ain't no better than she should be, the (maltreated), an' 'as 'er blouses cut below the neck. I 'as a lot o' trouble a-keepin' up the morals o' my 'ome. Frst, it's 'I'm orf ter vote,' sez Mrs. Gawber; then it's, 'I'm a goin' ter shike my shimmy when it's dry,' she sez. Ar! she's a 1920 woman, is Mrs. Gawber. The ony pity is she don't look it."

Our Epstein At It Again

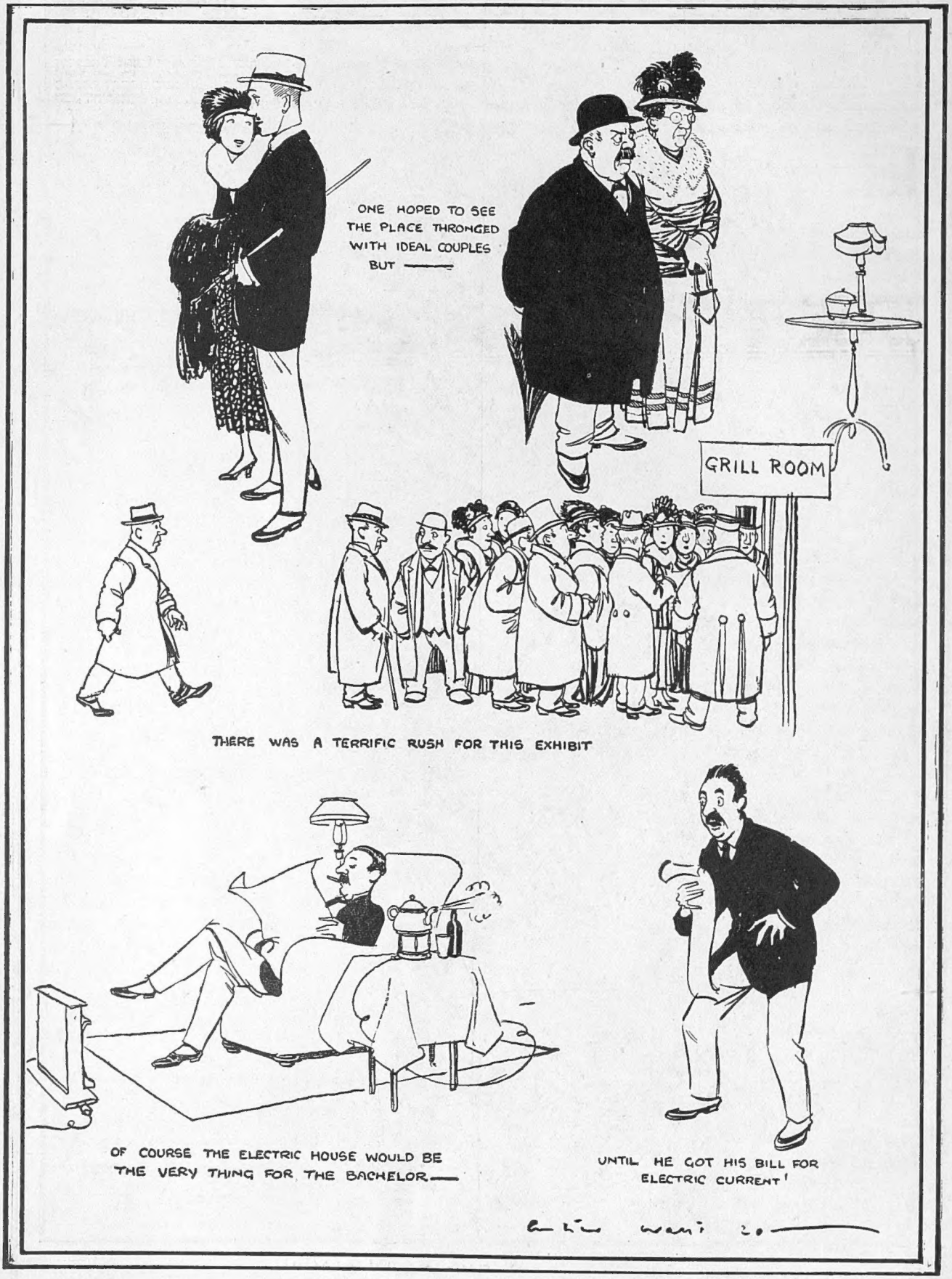


A FEW "PROBLEM" STATUES

As the Epstein adjectives are all being trotted out again, our own particular sculptor feels that *he* has no right to deprive the world of *these* products of his "challenging and arresting genius," the obvious "greatness" and "inspiration" of which will, of course, be the one topic of discussion and controversy in artistic circles for weeks to come! (P'raps not!)

BY E. T. REED

The Ideal—And The Real



SOME PICTORIAL NOTES MADE AT OLYMPIA

Where the Ideal Home Exhibition is still in full swing

BY ARTHUR WATTS

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 16, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

IF not immensely personal, positively nothing these days, are we? We talk of brotherhood, but we tend more than ever to the individual, the esoteric, the characteristic. To achieve the something thundery, electrified, *tombé des nues*, to shell-shock the suburbs, that is the end of every man's desire. And as for woman, she has discovered what really *is* original sin—it is to be unoriginal!

卐 卐

IN art, in politics, in literature, in Society, in dress, in conversation, it's not the thing that stands out, it's the personality behind it. Not "Tell me about his work," but "Tell me about the man," my country cousins say to me of that extreme esotericist, Epstein the sculptor, whose arresting work at the Leicester Galleries billows a transitory warming swell over the troubled sea of modern art.

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AND from the week's most-talked-of memoirs—the Blunt "Diaries"—what have the critics reaped and the skimmers garnered? The drift of Europe down the path to war of those ten years before 1914? The international political situations that have led us to the War-weary thorny ways we tread to-day? Not a bit of it!

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IT'S the personalities which emerge, the unveiling of the individual, the delicious indiscretions committed, that titillate the reading public's slightly sated mind.

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WELL, well. . . . And, after all, what is a diarist without indiscretions? Like a lover, rather dud. And it can't, anyway, be said of this last purveyor of the personal that he commits the unforgiveable twentieth century sin, and is dull. He suffers not, like the professor in Aldous Huxley's brilliant "Limbo," from the possession of "a strange inverted alchemy—he knew how to turn the richest gold to lead, could make the most interesting topic so intolerably tedious that it was impossible, when he talked, not to loathe it."

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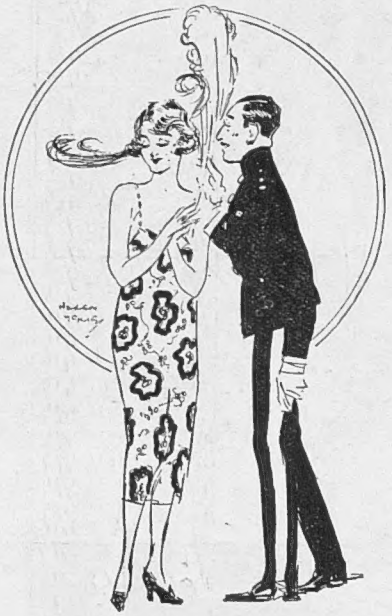
WHICH reminds me, I'm in trouble again, but this time with one of my own sex—which is really more original. 'Tis anent, as Shakespeare would say, my jumper comments. "During the War," writes a lady, "you led readers of THE BYSTANDER to believe that you were a charming lady, whose only use was to amuse men-folk, attired in the latest and filmiest of clothing



"A charming lady, whose only use was to amuse men-folk"

"'Tell me about the man,' my country cousins say to me"

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'WELL, I am one of the many women who slaved, endured agonies of suspense, and spent every ounce of their energies during that awful time, and I can assure you that the 'jumper craze' has come as a boon and a blessing. As the pretty wool slips through my fingers I get back to a sane view of life. So don't sneer at the jumperites' 'grey matter,' Blanche. Such as you cannot understand what overstrain means. And grey matter wants a lot of coaxing when it's been overworked!"

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SNORTING call to battle, isn't it? A jumper-champion come to jump—or whatever it is they do. Who, however (unmeaningly, I'm sure), hands me something else besides the icy mitt when she tells me how I swung the lead about amusing the battle-fighters and exceeding a bit in the Georgette and *crêpe de Chine* department.

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Clever of me, *wasn't* it? *And* to've escaped such "overstrain" as can only be unstrained by

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

jumper-knitting! All the same, truly I'm sorry if by any careless word I really did unkindly jibe at any pastime, good or bad, that really helps to salve in any woman the festering wounds of war. Life, these piping days of peace, with every home still shadowed by the bitterness of war, is hard enough, isn't it, without anything but the uttermost tolerance for each other's little idiosyncracies? *Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner*, and of all the *gaucheries* there is, for a woman, none more *gauche* than to sit in the seat of judgment and pass sentence on her sisters.

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CRITICISM, by the way, of course, is simply swirling in ever-widening circles round the Epstein sculptures aforesaid. The proletariat is shocked, needless to say, but there! what *is* the *ignobile vulgus* there for if not to provide the necessary animadversive atmosphere? And the rest of us—well, after all, unless one's paid to be a critic, what is there to do but stand silent, whether one admires or not, in the presence of genius?

"Shocked"

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THIS "Christ" is strange and unusual, but it's intellectual and intriguing, and if there's more of dignity than of the traditional meek humility in the pose—well, why not? Just because a thing's always been done that way is *the* biggest reason, isn't it, for getting out of the rut? And, personally, I always think he's an exception to be encouraged—the artist who also *thinks*.

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THE Epstein women, of course, are wonderful, though I'd be simply terrified to let him sculp *me!* That bulbous effect may be virile and all that, but I'm afraid, brought so close home, I prefer the more conventional school who—

> are to our faults a little blind,
> And to our virtues very kind.

And his famous babies, too, for all the marvel of their modelling, and the preciseness of their definition, aren't *quite* the sort of baby you'd like in the nursery at home. These little gargoyles in bronze don't somehow "match" with the muslin and the powder and the scented soap and fragrance of, anyway, fortunate nurseries.

"New frocks"

ON which subject, on the vexed topic of our sex's superabundance, this from "one of our (ex) heroes" is what the other side of humanity anyway thinks about the Million Women Too Many or What To Do with Our Girls problem:

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"YOU know, Blanche, dear, I don't believe in all this talk about the million reproductive women of superfluous age." (Mixing his adjectives a little, is not he?) For some girls there will always be a plethora of men (whether she be married or single or both) just as for some men there'll always be more girls hugging around than he has cash to buy 16*s*. stalls for.

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"YOU see, however carefully old Mother Nature adjusts the balance of the sexes for us poor mortals, the old lady's never been too particular about distributing her gifts. Statisticians, or political economists, or whatever they call themselves—I mean the funny old things who *wamble* on all about emigration and all that—can't alter the fact that the girl with the tiniest jewel let fall from Pandora's magic casket (and *you* know what's inside that, Blanche) will never find out that there are too few men in the world, while her ugly-duckling sister will always be harping on the great problem 'how to save the boy-babies.'"

卐 卐

IN other words, creeds and philosophies, and all knowledge are vanity and folly before the lure of one pink-cheeked lass on whom the divine gift of sex-attraction has been bestowed by the wayward gods. It is the strongest as it is the most primitive and fragile of all bonds—the magnetism of the flesh, the light of the eyes, the soft beauty of young cheeks. And I'm afraid we'll never find husbands for the other kind—not even when women *properly* get into Parliament.

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LENT comes in this week, the spring opera season (with lots of horrid Hun opera) starts in next at Covent Garden, and no one seems to be exactly stretching themselves to mortify the flesh. New plays, new books, new frocks, new hats keep bursting out to greet the early Spring, and for treats there's even salmon at the restaurants—for profiteers. This is, as they say in *Tea for Three*, a comic life. But it's quite frightfully worth living.

With love, Yours ever,

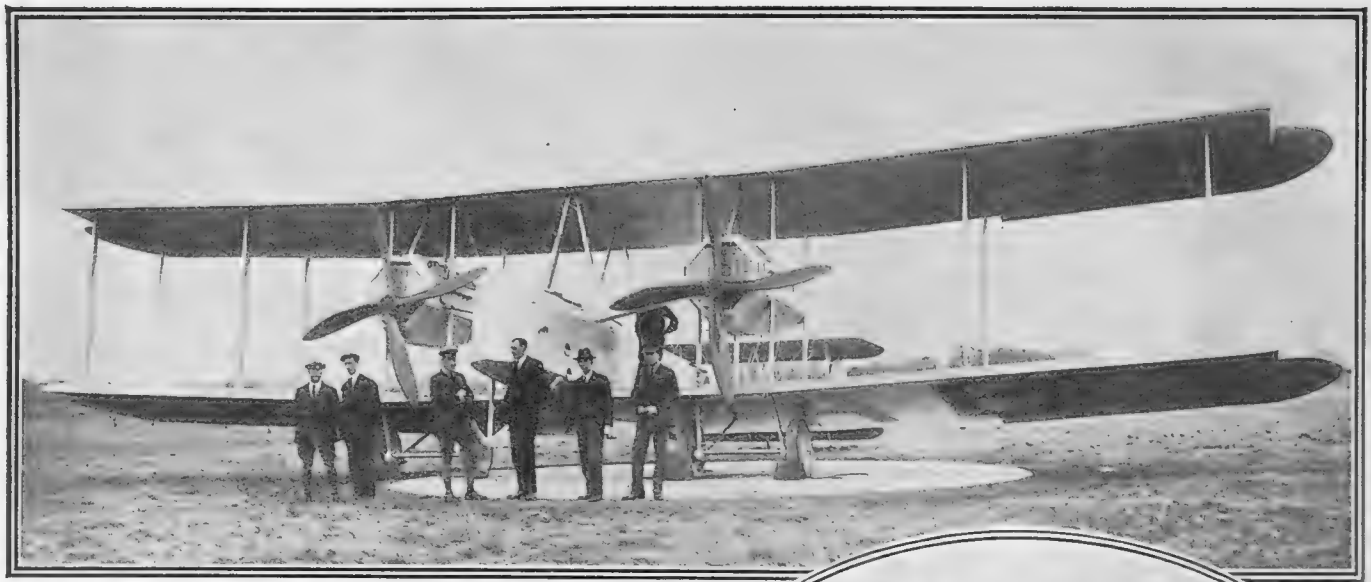
BLANCHE.

The Viscountess Curzon—A New Portrait Study

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Her ladyship is the wife of the Viscount Curzon, M.P., only son and heir of the Earl Howe, to whom she was married in 1907. Her husband has represented the Southern Division of Battersea in the House of Commons since 1908. She is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon

"The Bystander" Pot-Pourri:



"THE SILVER QUEEN": THE VICKERS-VIMY-ROLLS PLANE

Which succeeded in crossing the Mediterranean in a single flight from Italy. The crossing was made at night and took fourteen hours, but, unfortunately, the machine crashed near Korosko. No one was hurt.

Photograph "*Daily Mirror*"

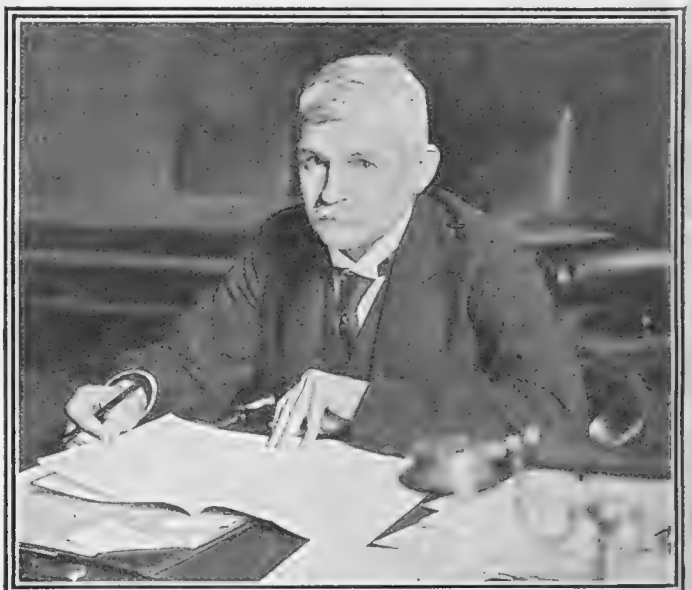
THE TWO SOUTH AFRICAN AIRMEN WHO WERE PILOTING "THE SILVER QUEEN"

Left: Capt. C. J. Quentin Brand, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C. Right: Lieut.-Colonel Van Rynevelt, D.S.O., M.C.

Photograph "*Daily Mirror*"

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF KILMOREY

After their wedding which took place last week at St. James's, Piccadilly. The bride was Lady Norah Hastings, and is a daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon.



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE NEW GERMAN CHARGÉ-D'AFFAIRES

Dr. Meyer Sthamer who is due in London this week to take up his duties as representative of the German Government

Doings of the Week in Pictures

Photograph Central News

LADY SAVILE

Leaving the House of Lords after the State opening of Parliament

Photograph Central News

THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA

Leaving the House of Lords

Photograph "Daily Mirror"

PASSING THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE

The procession, showing the State Coach in which the King and Queen drove to and from the State opening of Parliament last week

Photograph Topical Press

LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY AND THEIR CHILDREN

Waiting for their car outside the House of Lords after the State opening of Parliament

Photo. Sport & Gen.

THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR

Looking for his car after the ceremony

Riviera Notes

"ANITA"
A fair distributor at the "Battle of Flowers," Nice

You know, by Jove! down here, with the Alps behind, one feels like a fly on a sunny wall, the old blue-bottle kind that crawl out of their holes on a warm day in February at home and buzz till you think summer is coming. Next day you get laid up with a thundering cold in your nose, and blue-bottle kind of fades away again. But here—I have been experimenting in blue-bottle's emotions for a week in a cane chair and flannels and thinking about all you fellows. There is a mimosa tree just between me and the sea—gold and blue, you know—topping sort of stuff that poets and fellows like that write a lot about. And if you want to hear about scenery, there are jolly green palms, all tidily pruned and brushed up for the season, and grass that makes the mutton here taste like a real bit of the Welsh brand in a way that reconciles one to foreign travel.

Photographs *Farringdon Photo Co.*

AT MONTE CARLO
Lady Eardley Wilmot, wife of Rear-Admiral Sir Sydney Eardley Wilmot (centre), with Miss Matheson Smith and Captain Paterson, M.P., on the Terrace

George has gone off to La Turbie or somewhere to play golf. He is the sort of Englishman French people complain about, always wanting to do something. Doesn't understand a bit the higher pleasure of the blue-bottle. He wanted me to come too. Of course, it's awfully jolly up there. You play golf on the top of a kind of Alp with little girls for caddies, who laugh at you and seem to know more English than they ought, and a flock of Corsican goats as an audience. The first time one goes up one talks an awful lot about the scenery. The second time you feel a bit bored when some ass who has come up for the first time tells you how blue the Mediterranean is and how wonderful it is to look down on all the villas and things on the capes and bays round Mentone and Monaco, which look so near you can almost see and smell what the good people are having for lunch!

But this morning I had just thought about the old blue-bottle, and wanted to lead his jolly life, so I gave George the stony "No." He came near winning me through, with what I thought a jolly subtle argument till I saw its fallacy. He said it was the best system in the world to play a round of golf at La Turbie in the morning and then drop down to Monte Carlo in the afternoon and back the numbers of the strokes you have taken at each hole on the little green tables. George is always having systems like that. He backed his age and his birthday and the number of times he had been engaged one day, and won on every item except the last, because he had forgotten one girl that he ought to have counted.

He got awfully keen about this golf system of his, and it sounded all right till I spotted the weakness. All George's numbers will be in the first dozen, and mine, you know, a bit higher, so we would have to go to different tables to play, and I hate doing my gambling with no one around to kind of share the excitement.

And, anyway, I had a new system of my own which I had worked out in the stilly watches of the night. You play *rouge* and *passe*, and—but I think I better give it a trial before anyone else butts in on it. Besides, if everyone played it it might come thundering hard on the bank.

But, you know, I never meant to write all at about the wicked gambling business.' There's

RIVIERA NOTES (concluded)

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*
LORD RENDLESHAM
Arriving at the pigeon-shoot at Monte Carlo

Photograph *Topical Press*
MISS GERTIE MILLAR
With Miss Margot Erskine at Nice Races

Photograph *Topical Press*
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT NICE RACES
With him is Lady Worthington, wife of Colonel Sir Edward Worthington, who was medical officer to His Royal Highness in Canada

really such a jolly lot of gossip one could tell if one used X and Y for the names. Aunt Emily says she can't for the life of her understand why people who have a preference for other people's people go to places where there are such a lot of people. But it is like that, you know. One has to be a bit careful about recognising people one knew five years ago, the War has so mixed things up.

GEORGE got in an awful hole about it. He met a girl he used to know in a teashop at Monte Carlo having tea alone, so he lugged her across to introduce to Aunt Emily. "This is Mrs. X," he said, "whom I used to know hunting in Meath." But the girl kind of pulled him up: "I was Mrs. X then, but I'm Mrs. Y now," she said, and the dickens of it was that Mr. X has turned up now at Beaulieu with a new wife, and George doesn't know which one Aunt Emily ought to know.

"IT isn't as if they were French people," he says, but looking around, you know, it is sort of growing on me that we libel the French a bit. At least, it is borne in on me that there must be an awful lot of Ealings and Tootings and those sort of places in France to produce so many respectable old parties as are taking the Germans' place in the sun this season. Now I'm going to toddle over to Monte and try if that system of mine isn't a bit better than George's golf card.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*
THE BARONESS FURNIVAL

The Late Mlle. Gaby Deslys

Photograph *L.N.A.*

A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF THE POPULAR ACTRESS

Whose death took place in a nursing home in Paris on Thursday last after an operation on the throat. During the last decade Gaby Deslys had held an unique position in the affections of a numerous public in Paris, London, and New York. She was of humble birth and was born in Marseilles. Her first appearance in London was at the Gaiety Theatre about twelve years ago, and her last performance upon the stage took place late in 1919 at the Casino de Paris

"MR TODD'S EXPERIMENT" AT THE QUEEN'S

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a wholly delightful play. Some of its scenes suggest the conventional novelist who says in the middle of an exciting situation, "but we anticipate," and who thereupon goes back a bit to get a better jump. By the same token, Mr. Walter Hackett, the author, would seem to have taken a tip from the "movies," which have a way of spatchcocking a scene of bye-gone days into the middle of the story to account for the present-day vagaries of the hero. But all these little novelties are but part of the ingenuity of the whole, and they make the play more absorbingly interesting than ever.

WE begin with Arthur John Carrington, a fine display of energy and versatility by Mr. Owen Nares. Arthur John is a young man living in comparative idleness on the strength of an allowance from his rich uncle, who has forbidden him to marry till he has turned thirty. He has now reached that mature age, but has so far done nothing more distinguished than collecting postage-stamps and translating poems.

HE has lost his illusions already. His appearance is neglected, and he has grown the kind of chin-whisker outfit that you meet at vegetarian restaurants and sanctified resorts of that kind. When Uncle Martin (Mr. Fred Kerr) arrives on the scene he finds that Arthur John's principal interest in life is his afternoon nap. He is looked after by a lady and her daughter, Fancy, the latter of whom has long worshipped Arthur John from afar. But Arthur John has met one or two women in his time, and his faith in the reliability of the sex is dead.

THEN we get Mr. Todd, who proposes to try and bring back to Arthur John the youth that he has lamentably lost. Uncle Martin objects at first to meeting Mr. Todd, because that gentleman, in one of his clairvoyant moods, evolved a certain tip for the Derby that ranked finally among the "also ran." But if we were coldly to turn our backs on every friend who has given us an unreliable racing tip, it would be a very lonely world indeed for some of us.

MR. TODD is acquainted with some of Arthur John's story, and tells us that he will narrate it for our benefit. But, in the happy belief that actions speak louder than words, he pretends to go

MARION LORNE AS FANCY PHIPPS.

into a trance; and what he sees while in that state is revealed to us on a stage within a stage which suddenly appears from behind a heavy screen. There we see a rural scene of which Phyllis, a comely flapper, and her invalid father occupy the foreground. Phyllis is lamenting the sad fact that she cannot take her father away to the South of France, because, alas! they are so poor; and then the old gentleman dozes quietly on a rustic seat.

At the same moment Arthur John drops from the branch of a tree with all the agility of our arboreal ancestry, and the love-making begins. Arthur John, now considerably rejuvenated, is nineteen, and Phyllis is a year or two his junior. The young people are clearly in love with each other, but although Phyllis gives him every opportunity to snatch a chaste kiss from her brow, he is too bashful to do anything so outrageous. Much to her disappointment.

On the other hand, he opens his heart to her, and tells her of his love, and she admits that she is just as much in love with him. Then he speaks the fatal words. They will, of course, be very poor at first. Phyllis gives a pained start, and backs away. She has seen what it is to be poor already; and if a continuance of that dismal condition is the best thing even her Fairy Prince has to offer her, she regrets to have to say there can be nothing doing. She then weeps herself off the stage, and Arthur John is left alone with his first lesson in the cruel unreliability of what, for want, presumably, of a better term, has been named the gentle sex.

The next scene from Arthur John's past shows distinct progress. At this time he is twenty-two, and at that age, by George! there isn't much you can teach us, what? Alice Desborough is a married woman living unhappily with her husband. After a sad scene of connubial discord, the husband goes out, and Arthur John bursts into the room, and begs that Alice will fly with him to parts unknown. He is still poor, but, apparently, poverty is easier to bear if you move it along somewhere else. Alice lets him take her in his arms and kiss her in the manner of a qualified practitioner of that gentle art; but she will not go away with him. So she says. And Arthur John is still young enough to believe that when a woman says No, she means it.

MARION LORNE & OWEN NARES

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

His last experiment is Elise. He loves her so much that the wedding day is already fixed for the morrow, when the merest chance brings to his notice the distressing fact that Elise has been for some time the *chère amie* of Another, who has just killed himself because she has thrown him over. Arthur John at this stage decides to give the sex up as a bad job. He retires into private life and lets his whiskers grow, and that, as has been appositely remarked, is *that*.

Mr. Todd's idea is that if Arthur John could smell once again a bunch of wood violets such

as once he laid, with his youthful heart, at the feet of Phyllis, memory will inspire him with a new hope in life. So, also, a gramophone record of the song that Alice used to sing will recall the youth he has too soon forgotten; while the sight of one of the gold-tipped cigarettes favoured by Elise will bring back the *joie de vivre* that left him on the day that he learned that she was no better than she ought to have been. And something of the kind does happen.

As you will see there is all the material here for rare romance, and the goods are duly supplied with an artistic delicacy that must be seen to be believed. In the second act, the scenes on the inner stage concern themselves with the present day positions of Arthur John's bygone loves; and he hurriedly visits the ladies again to try and find the faith and hope and love that he lost between them long ago. Dainty and exquisite as the sentiment is, it is never overdone. Indeed, for the most part, the story is told in a playful, bantering spirit, that keeps the house on the chuckle almost all the while.

Miss Marion Lorne is Fancy, the young lady mentioned in the first paragraph. Her acting is the

success of the evening. While protesting that Arthur John would never be likely to think of marrying her, she betrays a nervous solicitude for him and his movements all the time, especially on the occasion on which he has gone to renew the acquaintance of his old loves. In spite of her apparent indifference to the young man, she gives herself away constantly by her quaint comments which reveal indirectly and with irresistible humour the true state of her tender feelings.

The concluding scene between Mr. Nares and Miss Lorne is novel in the extreme, and very charming at that. Mr. Holman Clark is another who contrives to add much to the quiet but satisfying fun of the evening, as the self-confident Todd; while the atmosphere of the play as a whole has a charm of its own that comes very near to the ideal. Jingle.

DEPRISALS

By A. A. THOMSON

[*The crinoline is coming in again.*]

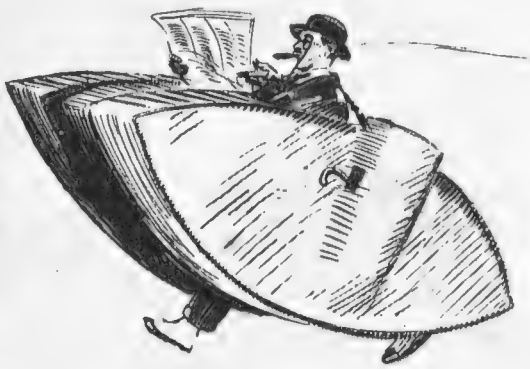
WHEN first we wedded you had all my heart,
My love was such, I deemed that naught could dim it,
But all is over, Pauline, we must part,
This is the frozen limit.
Gentle and Job-like as I've ever been,
I'll stand at bay against the crinoline.

The awful unseen deities who rule
The zigzag path of fashion's weekly wobble
From silk to sacking, taffeta to tulle,
And panier to hobble,
Have said the word, "Let there be crinolines!"
But pause, my Pauline, ponder what it means.

HOWARD K. ELCOCK '20

For if the crinoline becomes the cult,
Oh, what fate for every Sue and Sady,
And what congested traffic will result—
One omnibus, one lady.
You'll find yourself marooned in every fairway
And jammed across the Earl's Court moving stairway.

If like a Dreadnought rigged from stern to stern,
You try to wear it in our tiny flatlet,
Where do you think *I'm* going to live? 'Gosh darn
(I'm quoting Walter Catlett),
Our humble dwelling will not hold all three—
Myself, a crinoline and thou (or thee).



Should you persist in buying one of these,
Now that you know how rabidly I hate 'em,
I have a counter-strafe—a kindred wheeze,
This is my ultimatum:
I'll buy, if from our home you seek to hound me,
A cast-off whippet-tank and wear it round me.

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Unutterable!

STALLHOLDER *(at Fancy Fair)*: "Do look at this bargain, sir; you can have it for a song"
VICTIM: "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I couldn't produce another note!"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Monte Potsdam"

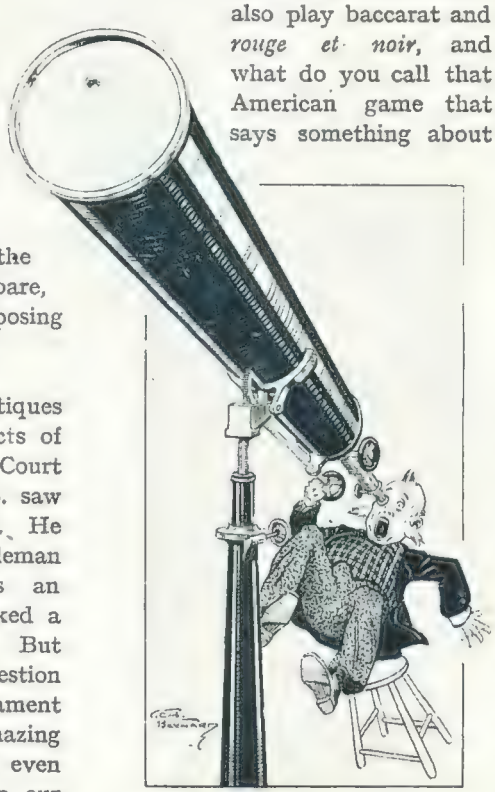
BY THE BYSTANDER-BACK-IN-BERLIN

THE Bystander-Back-in-Berlin recently visited Monte Potsdam. The new Riviera Pearl, where *roi* wins sometimes, *schwarz* sometimes, and *weiss* always. Potsdamn-it agreeably surprises. The B.-B.-in-B. took thither a crawling, unupholstered train, expecting to find the dead Hohenzollern magnificence replaced by dull *bourgeois* tedium; expecting to find hotels empty, pockets empty, stomachs empty. Instead, he found himself in a new and livelier Monte Carlo, with high play, highly painted ladies, and—low prices.

OUTWARDLY, Monte Potsdam has little changed. The Bystander-Back-in-Berlin flew first to the irritated-looking New Palace in Potsdam's Wild West, which Frederick the Great built in order to beat Versailles, and which William the Wicked tenanted until Versailles beat him. There is no change. The most striking thing about the whole New Palace is—the scavengers. Before the War, scavengers in well-ordered Prussland were highly distinguished-looking citizens; they wore not gaudy but decently decorated uniforms, and might have been easily taken for instructors in tactics lent by Washington Congress to the Army of Panama. Right in front of the Kaiserless New Palace the Bystander-Back-in-Potsdam came upon six scavengers in the absolutely spotless, threadbare, brilliantly brushed and imposing uniforms of prosperous 1914.

POTSDAM is full of new antiques shops, packed with objects of *vertu* and vice from decadent Court families. But the B.-B.-in-B. saw few other relics of the Court. He came, indeed, upon a gentleman who described himself as an "Imperial Bugler," and looked a bit down in the mouth. But B.-B.-in-B.'s inevitable question whether the bugler did not lament the Kaiserdom, evoked the amazing answer, "Yes, a little, but even now the gambling hells keep our town lively." And for ten minutes he proved to the grateful B.-B.-in-B. a walking guide to Potsdam's gambling hells. Firstly, he told why the gamblers chose Potsdam. Potsdam lies just outside the Berlin Martial Law district, where Herr Noscke, *Reichswehrminister*, who has all the allures of a Manhattan police-kaiser, won't let gamblers live. He closes their innocent hells; sets them in gaol; and even, in best Manhattan way, grabs their guests and makes them register their names. "So they've all come here," concluded the Kaiser's bugler, '

HE stopped. He advised the B.-B.-in-B., if he wished to lose money at baccarat, to go to the Hotel Stadt Königsberg, where are two gambling hells. One is called "The Theatre Archives' Association," but it has nothing to do with theatre archives. The runner is a real live major, who was wounded at Ypres. "Or drop in, *mein Herr*," said the bugler, "at the Hotel Einsiedler, where they also play baccarat and *rouge et noir*, and what do you call that American game that says something about full apartments? Poker? Yes, you can play boker what you will."



IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?
Professor Gazer says there is. *He has seen it!*

ALTOGETHER Monte Potsdam has nineteen first-class, and a multitude of minor, gambling hells. All classes, all masses, teem in them. Pretty girls mostly throng to the "Club of German-Austrian Merchants," which meets in the Hotel Einsiedler. Hearing this good news, the B.-B.-in-B. dropped in. At the door he was asked by the porter as a matter of form, "Are you an Austrian merchant, *mein Herr?*" and on getting the news that he was—(he once bought an Empire sewing-table in Brunn and sold it to his cousin's wife in Roehampton)—he was let pass. *Rouge et noir* was going on; and one man cussed, and said he'd lost *neunzehn tausend* mark. The pretty girls gripped the B.-B.-in-B.'s sleeve; said that they could see he was an Austrian from Hammersmith; that they liked Englishmen, though the English had treated Prussland so abominably; and told tales about Monte Potsdam. The tales were funny.

"THE day before yesterday," said one of them, "the Potsdam gambling clubs heard that someone had discovered a statute of *der grosse Freidrich* punishing gamblers with ear-shearing. But yes, *mein Herr*, these Potsdam gambling kings are no babies. What did they do? They went in a group to the Municipality, and offered a gift of sixty tausend mark for charities. . . ." "And the Municipality?" "The Municipality said no; it would be degrading to take money from such a source. Now, what happened, *mein Herr?* The very next morning round to the President of the Gambling Clubs' Defence Committee came a prominent member of the Municipality, a good Socialist, *mein Herr*, and said that he must repeat: Potsdam would not demean itself by taking gamblers' money for charity. But sixty tausend marks, he added, was a ridiculously low sum, and if the Gambling Clubs' Defence Committee cared to offer, say, half a million, it was not inconceivable that the Municipality. . ."

"Once was I King in Babylon"

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1920

BY W. E. WIGFULL

A Message from Mars.

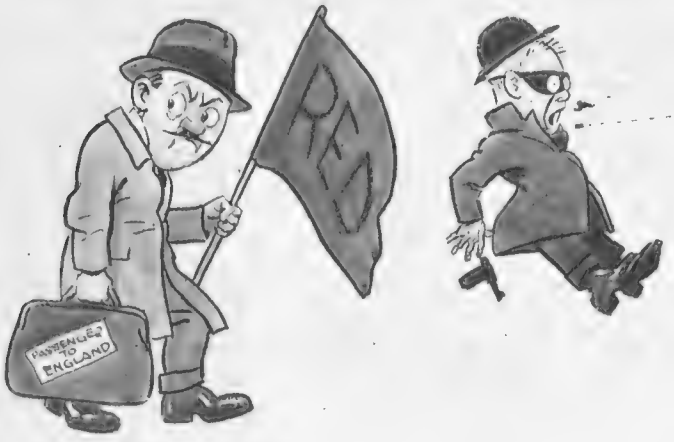
By REGINALD ARKELL *Sketches by* ALFRED LEETE

Up in the stars, up in the stars,
We never have any family jars.
Gentlemen do not discourage their wives
By coming home early and taking their lives.
Seeming assassins, when buying a stamp,
Are winged with a Webley concealed in a gamp.
Actresses' jewels occasionally go
But always come back—when the newspapers know.
When we are carrying cash to the Bank
We don't dress in armour or ride in a tank;
For murderers, footpads, and people like that,
Are very subdued after getting the cat.

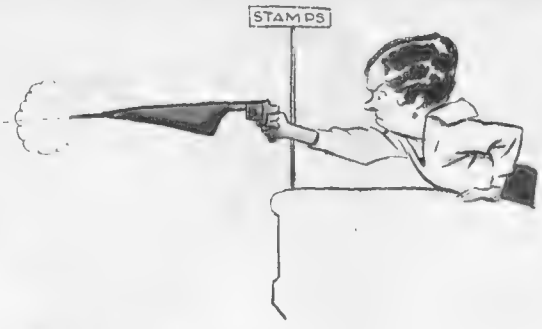
Up in the stars, up in the stars,
Millionaires can afford motor-cars.
Petrol is sold at a shilling a tin,
Killing a copper is never a sin.
Drivers in Mars are not taxed to the hilt,
Cars are not paid for before they are built.
If you invest in a runabout car,
Though you may find it won't run very far,
One thing is certain, you'll never be bored
With weary old chestnuts concerning the Ford;
And, finally, brethren, the burglars in Mars
Are bound by their Union not to steal cars.

"Actresses' jewels occasionally go"

"Killing a copper is never a sin"

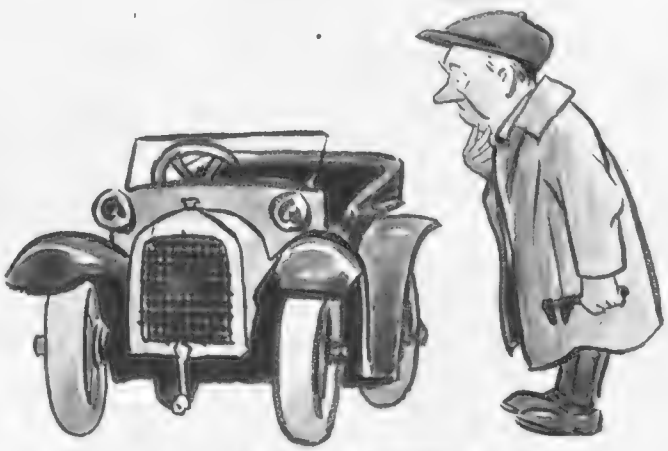


"Packed off to England"



"A Webley concealed in a gamp"

Up in the stars, up in the stars,
Everyone's happy and busy in Mars.
Union officials, when anxious to strike,
Are packed off to England to do as they like.
Bolshevic nonsense is thrown on a dump,
And writers of rubbish placed under a pump.
A man who was "really too busy to fight,"
Is rarely, if ever, created a knight.
A Profiteer getting his fifty per cent
Must go to the War zone and live in a tent;
And Governments lacking in moral control
Are sent to a place where there's plenty of coal
(*Not* in the stars!)



"If you invest in a runabout car"

"Must go to the War zone and live in a tent"

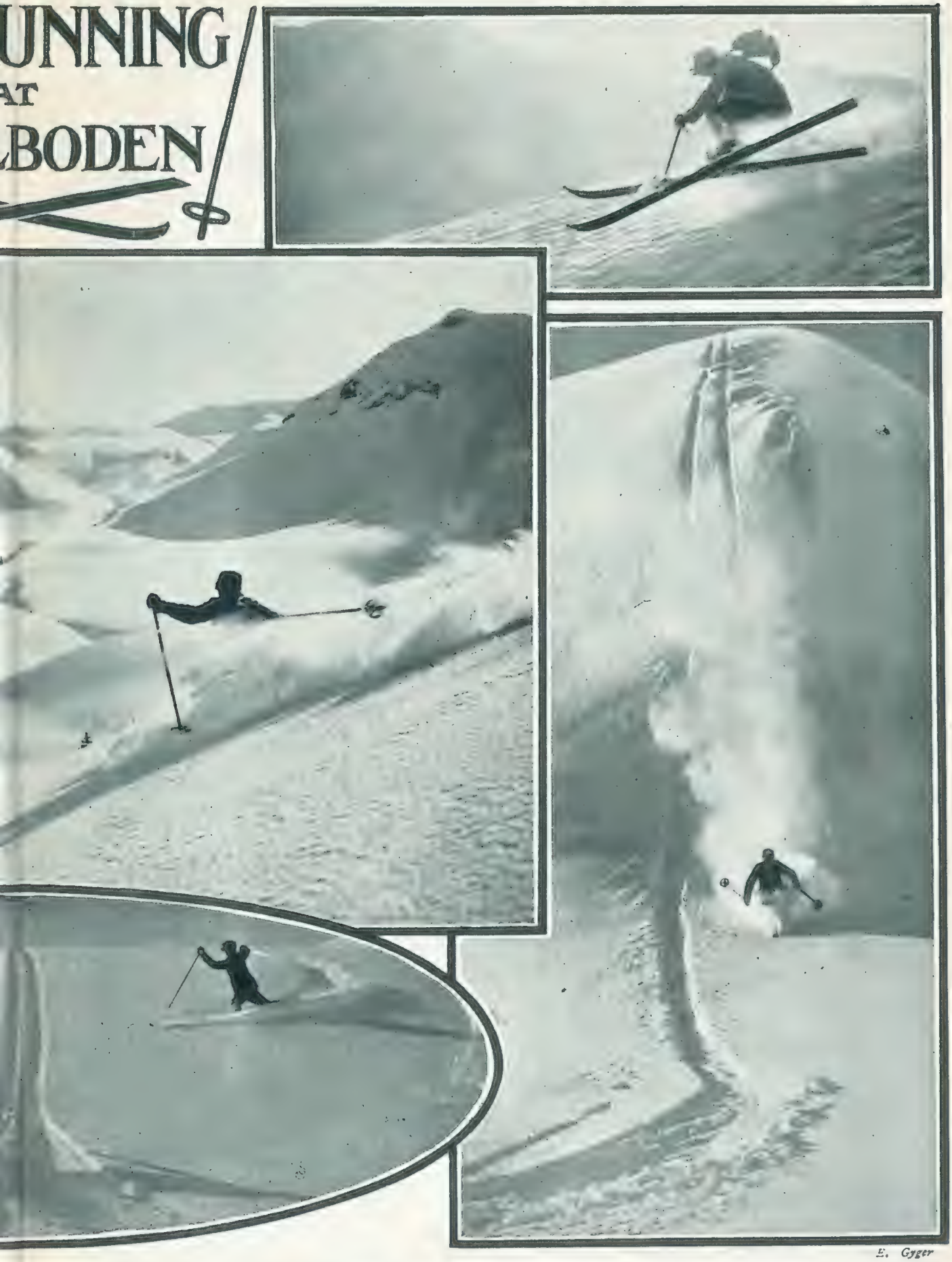
"Are very subdued after getting the cat"

SKI-RU
AT
ADELB

Photograph

SOME REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF

UNNING
AT
LBODEN



E. Gyger

OF THE GREATEST OF WINTER SPORTS

"DAHNRIGHT" HONESTY—FOR A CHANGE!

"Yus, that's all very well, yer know, but if yer dahns everyfink, why what 'ave yer got left ter dahn?"

By H. M. Bateman

The New Gratitude

BY CHRISTOPHER DRUCE

[A few announcements which we may shortly expect from commercial undertakings which have been roused to action by the example of the Underground Railway Companies' latest frank statement of the position.]

I. In all Departments of Baridge's

Sixty thousand people shopped at Baridge's stores on each day of the fortnight before Christmas.

A total of £360,000 was taken at the cash desks during this period.

This represents an average expenditure of 10s. per customer.

The shareholders are grateful.

The serving staff at Baridge's numbers, approximately, one thousand.

Each member of the staff thus took £30 a day.

They have never worked so hard before.

They would be glad never to see your faces again.

Think of this when you are next shopping.

THE CANDIDATES—AT ANY POLITICAL ELECTION

By Dyke White

II. In the Mammoth Music Hall Group's Theatre

One million people witness the performances at our theatres every month.

500,000 of these smoke.

The entrance money of the non-smokers would pay the artistes' salaries twice over.

Your smoke is very trying to the artistes.

Yet they carry on.

We turn away hundreds nightly at each of our theatres.

Smokers, we could easily fill your seats if you stayed away.

III. A Placard in the Window of the Publishing Office of Mr. Sherbert Hankin

Last month I published fifteen volumes.

Each volume contained on an average 300 pages.

Each page contains on an average 250 words.

1,125,000 words were, therefore, published by this firm in the month.

Assuming that only

THE NEW GRATITUDE (concluded)

50,000 copies of each book are sold, it will be necessary for the printers to print 56,250,000,000 words.

Until this has been done I cannot bring out the seventh book of the adventures of "Spindle."

I therefore ask the reading public to be patient.

IV. : From a Notice on a Barrel-Organ

I have six tunes.

For each tune I turn the handle approximately 350 times.

5,000 people pass me every day.

My average daily takings are 25s.

This means that each member of the public contributes only a small fraction of a penny.

I am doing my share.

Will you do yours ?

From "The Bystander," 5000 A.D.

Reported find in the flooded swamps of Belgium.

THE "BILLIOSAURUS"

It appears that a local photographer was in the act of taking a drink from his flask when the monster rushed at him. He just had time to spring aside and take this snapshot. He says: "This gigantic relic of the past swept past me, snapping at my flask as it went. The horny projections down its back make a rattling sound, something like 'Blinkin'-well-empty! Blinkin'-well-empty! Blinkin'-well-empty!'"

By CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

AGNÈS MARRIES. *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

TO-DAY has been the marriage of Agnès, your friend of a long time. It was a day superb of sunshine, which has been for long so rare, and a warm wind to clear the smoke smuts out of our Paris air, which is never so black as London, but is, all the same, of a considerable blackness.

IT is not often that I go to a wedding in France, because it is usually very dull. Everyone pushes and shoves to find a place where they can see the bride, and the women, who are always the worst, tramp on one's toes in the aisle, and then expect that one shall apologise to them. But to-day it was a *chic* affair, *pas trop du monde*, only the family of Agnès and the friends of whom she used to write. *Diable!* I know that some of you who are of her sex will at once demand but what did she wear? It is a thing I ought to have noticed, but Marcel will have to draw it for me.

"The silly fellow has died of fright"

EVERYBODY was very gay, and Agnès was the gayest. In France it is not the fashion for our brides to weep, but never have I seen one so happy. I have studied René, too, to see how he looked, because I remembered that last week I wrote to you about the dull lives of French husbands, and how they had no amusement except to fall in love with someone else than their wives. But René seemed quite unconscious of all that, and just as gay as Agnès. Perhaps, after all, there is something in getting married.

"To-day has been the marriage of Agnès"

BUT even then there has been a tragedy. I have stood beside the poor Édouard, the cousin of Agnès, in the church, and he has sighed and groaned till I have thought the organ had burst itself. "*Qu'elle est belle,*" he whispered to himself and me at intervals, and held his hand to his heart as if to prevent it from breaking. "I am sure," he said, as we drove afterwards to the reception, "that if she had not been my cousin she would have married me." That was the conceit of the Frenchman which came to his rescue, and then Agnès, who is always charming and kind, has knocked out of him all the conceit: "But Édouard!" she has said when we have made our speeches of politeness and congratulation, "how you are become fat since I have been away."

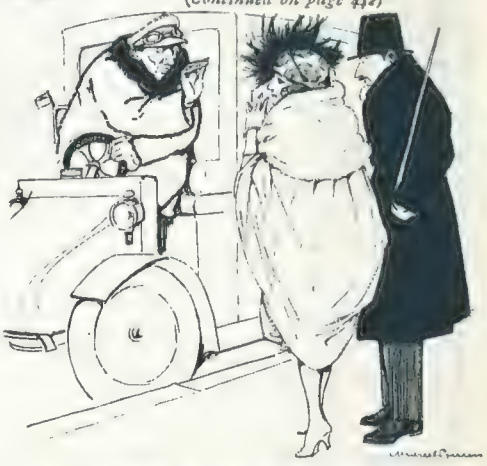
FOR the *lune de miel* they are gone away to the Midi, where the sun shines, and for that, too, one thinks there is some good reason in getting married. At least, if it is not a reason, it is a good excuse, and any excuse is good that takes one away from Paris just now. There was Paul Dréan, for instance, who said to me after the wedding, "Old one, the streets of Paris disgust me this month. Think how jolly it used to be in the Vosges at this time when the snow melted and we talked about the fighting that would come in the summer."

THERE are many like that, who would like again the hard life in the open air. Though we are become *dévoués* of the sport and make everywhere clubs for the box and the cross country and the football, you know to us war is still the biggest game of all. *Tiens!* I wish myself, when it is a fine morning, that I had still to do my three years' service, and that I should hear once more the guns beyond Rheims.

BUT the only thing of the War that is left us is the taxes and the dark streets. In the time of the Gothas it has not been more dark, for we have only the little gas-lamps like they had fifty years ago. Paris has lost her gay name of *la ville de lumière*; she is now *la ville des ténèbres*, so dark that one falls in the *poubel* as one comes from the theatre. It is worse than that; Paris has become the city of Apaches.

PERHAPS it is because they feel like Paul Dréan that life is tame without a fight that there are so many. Every day one reads

(Continued on page 442)



"Everyone has tried to get a taxi-cab"

The Building Problem: A Cuckoo's Lament

THE CUCKOO: "When will these ridiculous birds build large enough nests?"

BY HEATH ROBINSON

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

some history how someone was robbed in a dark street off the Boulevards, and at such and such a street in the suburbs there was a fight with revolvers and knives. But you know we are not proud of these Apaches. Before the War it was different. They had character, the old ones. They would fight a battle among themselves with the strategy of Maréchal Foch and Ludendorff. And when they did murder anyone, we said the silly fellow had died of fright. But now there are some who want to put the blame for all the crimes on escaped Germans, who have not really the courage, and on Americans, who like only to shoot policemen.

THERE was one evening we have been late at the club, and talked a great deal about the danger it was in the streets. When we have gone home I have noticed how everyone has tried to get a taxi-cab, and when they could not find any, everyone wanted someone else to discuss something very interesting while they walked along. There was a little fat Englishman who has walked with me all the way to my flat, and when I have said good-night he has hurried away very fast. Next day he has had a terrible story. When he has walked along the Avenue President Wilson a man has come up to him and asked for a match. "I didn't like his looks at all," the little fat Englishman said, "so when he came across the street I kept on the edge of the pavement. I just let him have it between the eyes."

"A man came up to him and asked for a match"

WE have been very sympathetic. Oh, yes! we were sure he had done right. He might have been murdered if he had not got in the first blow. But when he heard the story, Jean Ségur was silent. "*Voilà!* a droll thing," he said to me afterwards. "*Mon beau frère* has been telling me how he was attacked by a man in the Avenue President Wilson, who hit him, and ran away."

JEAN is a journalist, and the joke has been too good to resist. He has written for his paper an account of the terrible attack on his *beau frère* by a little fat man in the Avenue President Wilson. He has given, indeed, a very minute account of the little fat man, one could not mistake it. What are our police doing, he has demanded, that they do not arrest so dangerous a criminal? But we have lost our joke. Our little fat Englishman has not come any more to the club, and someone said he has been seen in a taxi-cab with his luggage, going quick to the Gare du Nord. So we are rid of one Apache. PHILIPPE

Photograph **A NEW SWISS SPORT** *Central News*

This photograph is of the first Swiss plane to land on the frozen lake at St. Moritz. Passenger flights were immediately commenced to inaugurate the latest thing in Swiss Winter Sports.

"Black to Move!"

(WITH MATE IN VIEW!)

BY STAN. TERRY

Politics: Concerning Trade

BY "FITZWILLIAM"

ONCE upon a time when the gentlemen of England were in power and were making a Cabinet, they used to say: "We must give something to Johnson. Give him the Board of Trade." The result of that is—well, the Board of Trade. And when we consider that nowadays the Board of Trade controls patents, coal, shipping, consulates, ports, and some of the fiscal policy, the reader will agree that our attitude should be not: "Give him the Board of Trade," but "Who is good enough for the Board of Trade?"

⁂ ⁂

AT present we have Sir Auckland Geddes, clever, harsh, superior in the academic, not the Curzon way. Extremely able as a theorist, but has no use for the oil of conciliation except to pour it out on any available fire. We are promised from time to time that he will return to his Canadian university, but hope deferred maketh Parliament short-tempered. Most of us are coming to think that we want another kind of man to look after trade. We could do better with somebody like Lord Randolph Churchill, even if he did make a mess of his figures on account of "the damned dots." He might develop broad, instead of petrified ideas about trade. For instance, in the consulates, which used to be convenient places to ring up when interfered with by the foreign police, that were run by amiable people speaking only English, he might import the suggestion that it was their job to discover in the foreign country developments and new contracts, and to wire home, so as to give British traders a chance to tender.

⁂ ⁂

THEN there is the question of differential rates on the railways, which is rather complicated, because the Free Trade element in this country objects to bounties. That is to say, the new man might well consider whether it is not worth while carrying goods at half-rates if they are going to be exported, because, by so doing, we give the British manufacturer a chance to get into a foreign market. The Germans did this extensively before the War, and it had much to do with the swelling of their trade. In the same order of ideas lies the old proposal of the All Red Route, namely, the connection of British steamer lines in such a way as to secure for our shipping, all over the world, the carrying of British goods. The reader may not be aware that whereas a British ship can carry goods to any place, it may then prove impossible to find another British line to take them on another journey if they are not sold. So the freight goes to a Dutch, a German, or an American line.

⁂ ⁂

I FEEL that this is a matter for the Board of Trade, because it may not pay at once. Now the Government is not in the position of a private man; not only can it afford to wait for profits, but it has to consider the public convenience as well as the public income. The new Minister of Trade would certainly have to consider this question. And while he was on shipping, he should not forget what we learnt during the War, namely, the standard ship idea, which means that a vessel stranded at Algiers with a broken rudder would not have to wire England (or at least Marseilles), but would find a standard rudder in the local store.

⁂ ⁂

THE new man should also prevent much of the present scrambling for raw materials, such as timber, cotton, metals, which creates speculation, and therefore high prices. He would buy large quantities on behalf of British trade and re-sell them at a reasonable price. This does not mean that the Board of Trade should control all materials in times of peace; that would be absurd; but it should always be in the market with large stocks to sell, so as to break up corners in supplies. Corners are simply conspiracies against British industries. He could also learn from Germany the advantage of setting up test laboratories, and grading stations. These could give free advice to the British manufacturer and enable him to find out whether his new steel, his new yarn, was fit to face the foreigner. At the same time, the Board of Trade laboratories would stand against adulteration and guarantee us a certain standard of quality in the goods we buy. Lastly, the Minister could enormously increase technical and scientific education; by the cultivation of general ideas, he could blow a new breath of purpose and organisation into British trade, which has grown wealthy by rule of thumb, and does not yet understand that in the coming age rule of thumb will be beaten by scientific salesmanship and vertical filing.

WORSTED!

1st BRADFORD WOOL MANUFACTURER (*to Second ditto*).—"Yus! Laad, it's a dog's life. Last year my profits were 7000 per cent and now they're down to a measly 6500 per cent."

BY J. LEE

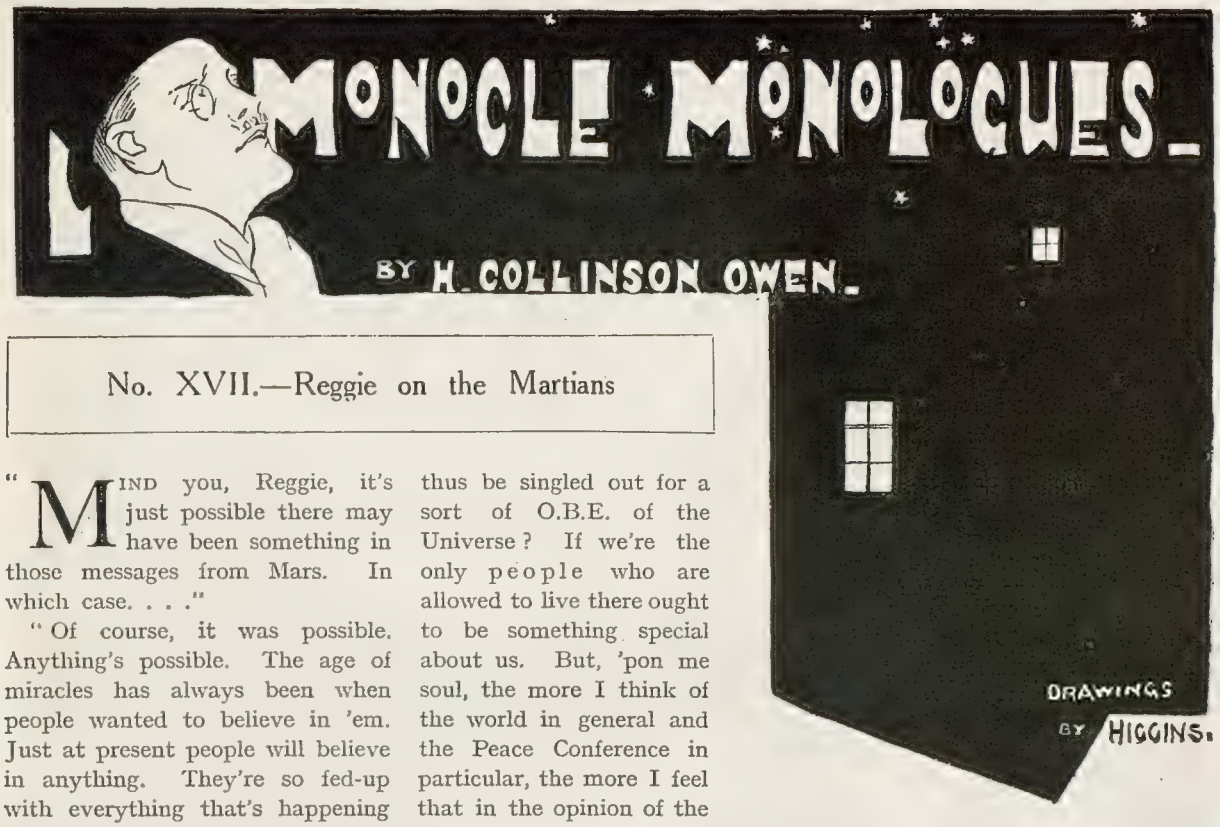
Un-Parliamentary Portraits: No. VI. "Trade"

THE RT. HON. SIR AUCKLAND C. GEDDES, K.C.B., M.P.

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"OTHER TIMES —— OTHER USES!"

BY NORMAN KEENE



No. XVII.—Reggie on the Martians

"MIND you, Reggie, it's just possible there may have been something in those messages from Mars. In which case. . . ."

"Of course, it was possible. Anything's possible. The age of miracles has always been when people wanted to believe in 'em. Just at present people will believe in anything. They're so fed-up with everything that's happening on the earth that they jump at the idea that there may be a better time going on elsewhere. And the newspapers are wise enough to provide miracles for all tastes. If it's spiritualism you want, there's a large and varied choice, offering a number of new worlds. But if you're the sort of feller who finds truth in a Wells—well, the spheres are now open to you. You pay your penny and choose your miracle.

"My own impression of this particular sensation is that Mars is trying to get into touch with us in order to ask to be allowed to join the League of Nations. She sees what a mess we're in, and wants to come and help. She sees that the poor Terrestrials have got all mixed up with an idea that's too big for them to chew. And as the people of Mars are in a very advanced stage of civilisation—they must be, or else the *Daily Mail* would never have taken 'em up—they want to step in and straighten out our post-War tangle.

"After all, what an absurd, provincial, *bourgeois* sort of attitude it is to take for granted that of all the merry little globes that are hopping about through the wilderness of space ours is the only one that's blessed with a population. What have we all done that we should thus be singled out for a sort of O.B.E. of the Universe? If we're the only people who are allowed to live there ought to be something special about us. But, 'pon me soul, the more I think of the world in general and the Peace Conference in particular, the more I feel that in the opinion of the other planets we must be merely amongst the also ran.

"The probability is that the free libraries of Mars are full of books describing what quaint people we are, and how singularly little we have yet emerged from the pre-War or tadpole era. For all we know, they've been taking an amused interest in the Paisley election, and chuckling to think how excited we can become over small things. They probably saw the Great War coming long before we did, and it's possible that ages ago they thought out a solution of the Irish question, and are only waiting to get into touch with us in order to make us a present of it. The trouble is that we've not yet sufficiently emerged from the primæval slime to know how to tap this Eldorado of wisdom. Here lying close to our hands—anyhow, only 50 million miles away—are pearls of great price, and we don't know how to pick 'em up. It's very annoying.

"Of course, a few scientists here and there have poured cold water on the idea. I don't think this is sporting of them. When harassed humanity's got a new toy to play with it's a shame to try and snatch it away. You find these kill-joys in all walks of life. One may call them the Pussyfooters of science. Where's the sense of these old fellers stroking their long white beards and saying that, as far as they know, it's too cold or too hot or something for people to exist in Mars? Why can't they be sports, and come in with enthusiasm and back up Marconi for all they're worth? What's the good of science if it can't make people happy? It's the one thing we're needing just now. It would do everybody a tremendous amount of good to feel that we have the moral support of Mars. It would be like discovering you've got a rich uncle in America. The world would be a cheerier place if only it felt there was a sweet little planet sitting up aloft keeping a benevolent eye on all our troubles, ready at any moment to step in, dismiss the broker's man, and hand out sustenance to the starving mother and children."

"But the scientists, Reggie, pursue only the Truth. You can't expect them. . . ."

"Nonsense, old thing. Science ought to be adapted to the needs of the moment. It ought to cultivate a bedside manner, and make itself of real use to a depressed and suffering world. It ought to buck the patient up. It's just missed the chance of a lifetime. The Mars stunt ought to have been taken up

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (concluded)

by the scientists throughout the world and boomed for all it was worth. All those dear old gentlemen who live at the end of a telescope ought to have banded together and sent long telegrams to the *Daily Mail*, agreeing that not only were these signals undoubtedly and indubitably sent from Mars, but all their observations led them to believe that within a short time a sort of long-distance telephone would be opened between the two planets, and that for a small charge we should be able to get the best possible advice for all our troubles.

"Think of the joy, the relief, that would have reigned everywhere. The Italians would have been glad to put the question of what the blazes they must do with d'Annunzio to a higher power. Mr. Lloyd George would have drawn up an interesting little list—Ireland, the dollar exchange, Asquith, Nationalisation, Mr. Smillie, and a few other things—and prayed one of his secretaries to send a prepaid wire to Mars as soon as communication was established. Mr. Cochran would have put a question about the Carpentier-Dempsey match. The Lord Chancellor would have been glad to hear what was the best way out of this little mess we've got ourselves into with Big Willie.

"Properly used, a lot could have been done with this idea of a friendly planet keeping an unwinking eye on us. As the Martians are so very highly developed, we may take it for granted that they are very good and moral people, because, as we all know, the more we are civilised the nicer we become. Take a peep at the world to-day. . . . . Well, as I was saying, seeing that the Martians are such good and moral fellers, all the nations of the world who have a high-minded mission would appeal to them for help, either in short or long wave-lengths, as was most convenient to them. Lenin and Trotsky would send up an immediate prayer asking for the total wiping out and doing in of the British Empire. Germany, cherishing bitter memories of our perfidy in the late War, would ask the Martians to send their best line in thunderbolts, or whatever they have in stock, to alight on scurrilous England. The Irish, whose fervid love for us we have already discussed in these enlightened columns, would pray Mars by St. Patrick and all the snakes to consign to hell, begob, ivery mother's son of the hated Sassenachs. The Egyptians, whose tender regard for us is well known, would, in the name of the great god Ta-Ra-Ra, ask the democratic and self-governing people of Mars to strike old England dead. The Hearst newspapers of America, not to mention a few others, would send a message at urgent rates asking the Martians, in the name of all suffering humanity, to sock those durned guys, the Britishers. The enlightened *intelligentsia* of India would hustle off a message praying that they might be delivered from the brutalities of British rule. The Afghans. . . . But, my dear old thing, there'd be no end to 'em. The few samples already quoted will suffice.

"And in good time the people of England would send a short and laconic message hoping that all was well in Mars, and say that one of these days we hoped to be able to trade with 'em, mentioning that we had a good, but rather expensive, line in woollens. And you can see the effect these messages would have on the good Martians. The Elders would get together, and come to the conclusion that a friendly and neighbouring planet was suffering from the unrestrained militarism and commercial selfishness of the English. They'd see that the League of Nations was really a movement designed to keep in check the rapacious depredations of a pestilential spot on the map known as Great Britain. There'd be a Press campaign in Mars, or whatever passes for it up there, and the next thing the world would hear was that Mars had cauterised Great Britain from the map and left Ireland standing alone in the Irish Ocean. I'm afraid Scotland would get it in the neck, too, but, after all, she's had a good run for her money, and we've got to sink or swim together. And. . . ."

"The Elders would get together"

"Perfectly absurd, Reggie. And, anyhow, I don't see how that would benefit the world."

"You don't! But, my dear old thing, England's just the one thing the world's suffering from just now. Remove us, and everybody else would be thoroughly happy. And I really believe that if Old England were scuttled in the North Sea the world might, in a few years, even learn to cherish our memory."

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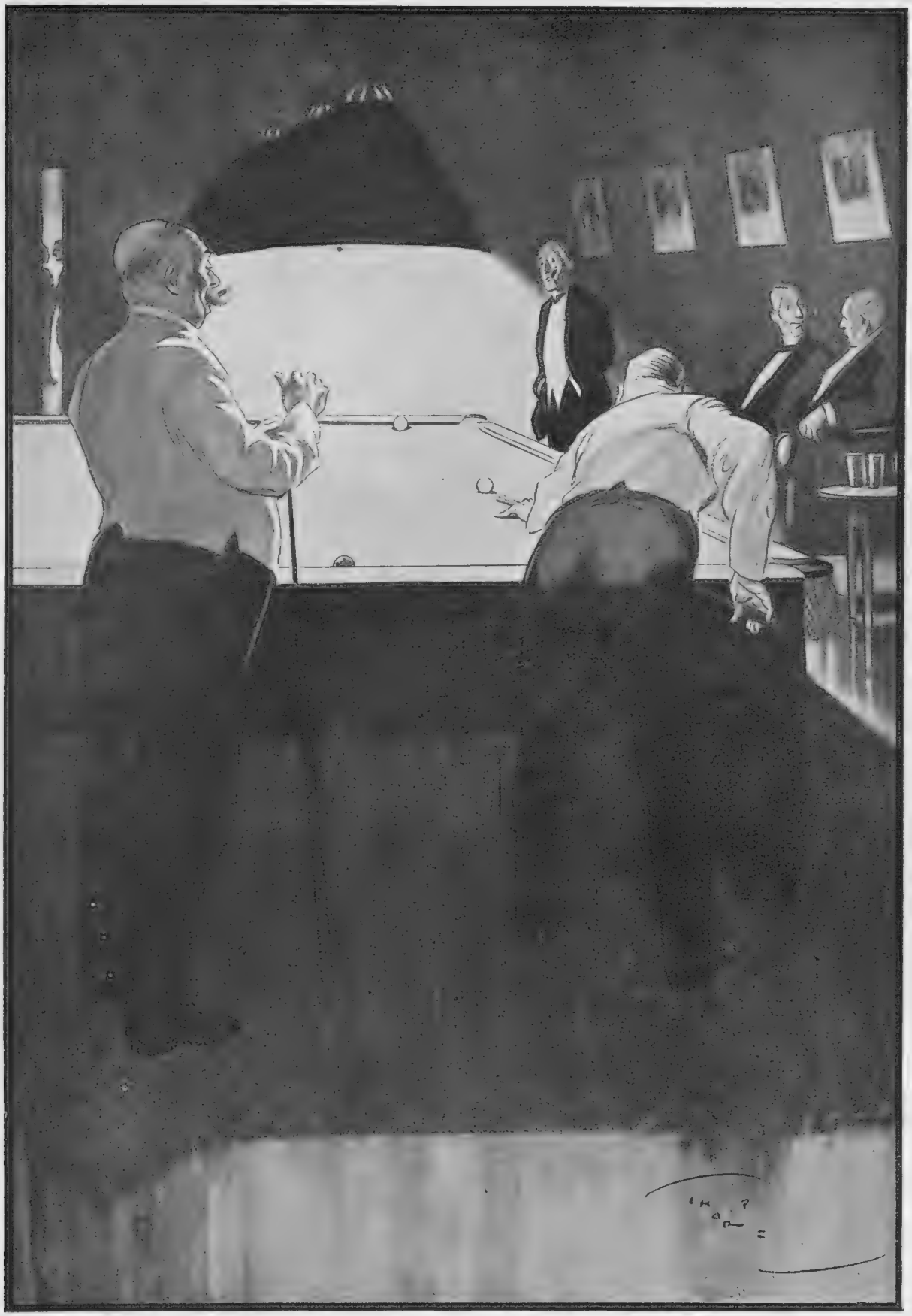
—And "Cloth"-Bound, at That!



CHEERFUL SORT: "I say, old man, you're playing like a book!"
THE GROUSER *(in play)*: "More like the covers—with no leaves!"

BY THORPE

Strikes I'd Like

SHOULD Lloyd George threaten to come out on strike,
I don't think I for one would turn a hair,
It's just the sort of thing that I would like,
So let him dare!

A strike of Geddeses and their return
To Caledonia Wild would do some good,
And give some Englishmen a chance to earn
A livelihood!

If Tax-collectors struck and came appealing
With hat in hand for funds from door to door,
Compared to what they *now* get, I've a feeling
They'd get much more!

If Arnold Bennett struck it would be grand,
For if he never wrote another line
His stuff, of course, would still be wanted, and
I'd bung in mine!

If all this journal's poets for a while
Downed pens, I'd send my things to you,
And when I'd made a tidy little pile
I'd come out too!

P.S.
If half the Tuppenny Press and all the Penny ones
Struck now, I guarantee there would be peace,
For thoughts of strikes would not occur to anyone
And they would cease.

W. HODGSON BURNET

"IT WASN'T THE WORDS THAT FRIGHTENED THE BIRDS——"

PROUD PATER: "Well, my boy—and how do you like the college? St. Dud's has turned out some fine men!"

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "Quite agree with you, pater. Er—matter of fact they've just turned me out!"

By GEORGE HOLLAND

Matches

ONCE in a box stood a would-be flame,
Vesta, I think, was the lady's name,
When all of a sudden there came to her
A bit of a spark called Lucifer.

Now Lucifer was a bit of a stick,
While Vesta was tapering and rather *chic*.
With her waxen complexion and hair of red
He got so struck that he lost his head!

Then Vesta, playing for safety, mocks
"Now I can't strike you e'en in a box."
But Lucifer said, "If you would care
For a Union we could strike anywhere."

Well, Vesta saw he was quite a good match,
So somehow she brought him up to the scratch,
And these two little flames they burned so bright,
That lovers make matches now day and night.
I suppose it's just to keep their hearts light!

HARFORD WORLOCK

"Well, just one—"

"One cigarette—somewhere where everyone won't see us—but mind it's a Kenilworth."

"Cheers—I'm longing to see you and a Kenilworth together — the two nicest things on earth."

Like all the best things in life, the War has left Kenilworths untouched. In size, in shape, in excellence of packing, that famous Kenilworth packing which is a fine art, above all in quality, Kenilworths are still as they always were, the best possible in Virginia Cigarettes.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain—at ***any*** *price. Yet Kenilworths only cost* ***1/4*** *for* 20, ***3/3*** *for* 50, ***6/6*** *for* 100.

FOR TROOPS OVERSEAS—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers abroad, specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/9 per 100, post free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. ***Minimum Order 200.*** *Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—12, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool*

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LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.
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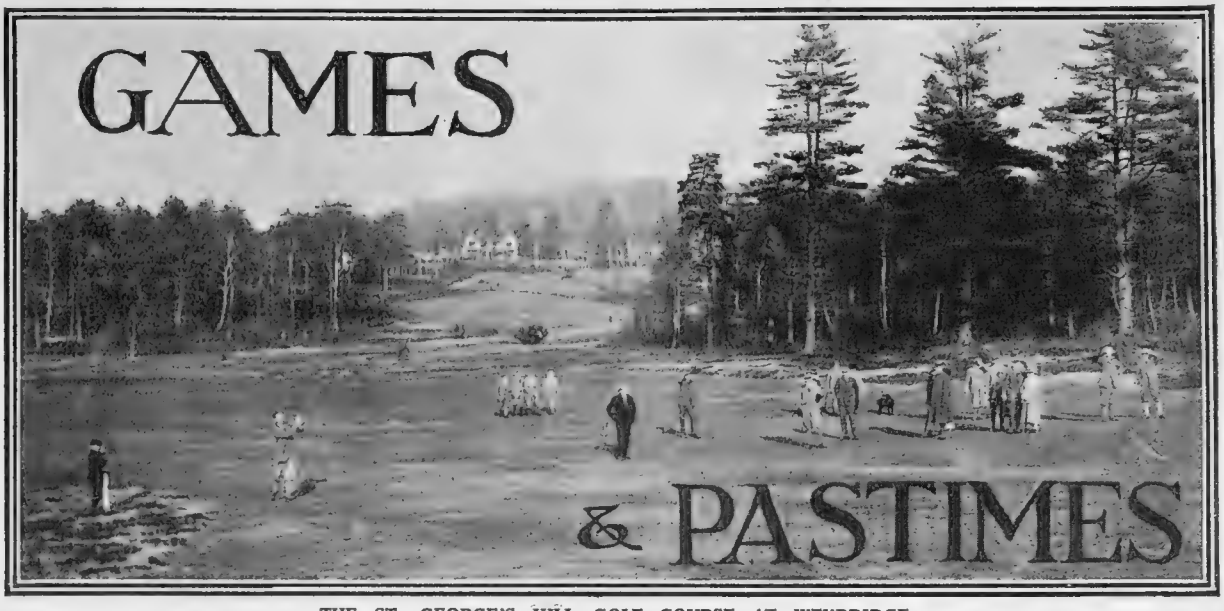
Le Théâtre au Grand Air

Sketches at the tournament held recently by the Stage Golfing Society at Wimbledon Park, when the players engaged in a "bogey" competition under handicap. The chief prize was won by Mr. Herbert Ross (handicap 4) who finished 3 down to "bogey." Mr. Fred Leslie (+ 1) won the prize for players with a handicap of 9 and under

By PHYLLIS KERMODE



THE ST. GEORGE'S HILL GOLF COURSE AT WEYBRIDGE

This picture, taken on the occasion of the match between St. George's Hill and Oxford University, shows Mr. H. le Fleming Shepherd, Secretary of the Club, playing the fifth hole. He beat his opponent, Mr. C. H. J. Tolley, by one hole, and the Club won by 7 matches to 3

GOLF

Cambridge "in the Rough"

THE Cambridge team, which played the Royal Wimbledon Club at Wimbledon last Wednesday, was stronger than the one which lost every one of the twelve matches, played against a strong Sunningdale side a couple of Saturdays ago; but at the end of the morning, when foursomes were played, it looked as if they might be in for something like a repetition of that painful experience, for although the captain, C. P. Johnstone, and the Soccer Blue, J. S. F. Morrison, managed to halve the top match against F. S. Bond and Major R. Worth, the remaining five matches were all lost. However, in the Singles in the afternoon Cambridge rallied in fine style, and won by 7 matches to 3, so that on the day's play they were only beaten by 8 matches to 7. On Thursday, however, they came another bad cropper against Coombe Hill, who beat them by no fewer than 16 matches to 1, one being halved.

Oxford Ups and Downs

OXFORD have been showing very variable form, but too much importance need not be attached to the rather crushing defeat which they sustained at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, for the course is one that wants knowing, and there is no doubt that, though somewhat unstable, they are in reality quite a strong side. The 'Varsity match is to be played at Sunningdale on March 25 and present indications undoubtedly point to a win for Oxford. Cambridge will always be at a considerable disadvantage as long as they have no home course to play upon.

Photographs *Sport and General*

B. G. D. RUDD (Trinity)

President of the Oxford University Athletic Club, who, in the final for the inter-collegiate Cup between Trinity and Magdalen, helped towards Trinity's victory by winning no fewer than four events—the hundred, the quarter, the half-mile and the long jump

ATHLETICS

A Quadruple Victory

A VERY fine performance was achieved last week by B. G. D. Rudd, the president of the O.U.A.C., in the final for the Inter-Collegiate Cup at Oxford between Trinity and Magdalen. Trinity won easily, and Rudd contributed no fewer than four wins towards his college's victory—the hundred, the quarter, the half-mile, and the long jump. This, I am given to understand, is a record for this competition, and I can well believe it. Helped by a strong wind, he did the hundred in 10 1-5 sec., and his long jump, 22 ft. 1½ in., is the best that anybody has done at Oxford this term. Wood, the "Rugger" Blue (also of Trinity), was second to him in the hundred and won the weight.

HOCKEY

Oxford's Improvement

THE 'Varsity match, which is to be played at Beckenham on the 25th of this month, looked at one time like being a "sitter" for Cambridge, but Oxford have come on a lot during the present term. Their defence is sound and their attack quite good up to a point; it is when they are within the shooting area that their forwards seem to break down. It was because of this that they were beaten by Bromley last Wednesday. They were attacking for the greater part of the time, but, owing to

weakness in the circle, could only score once—and then a mistake by one of the Bromley backs had a lot to do with it—whereas Bromley, with fewer chances, made a much better use of them and got through twice.

Cambridge's Chief Asset

CAMBRIDGE played Wimbledon on the same day and beat them by 5—3, but their display was not a very convincing one. They led at one time by 5—1, and when Wimbledon put on two goals in rapid succession the defence looked like collapsing. However, they rallied sufficiently in time to enable them to hold their lead to the end. Oxford, I think, are likely to prove their equals in defence on the 25th, if not their superiors, but Cambridge's ability to get goals on arriving inside the circle should turn the scale in their favour, unless Oxford can learn in the meantime to do likewise. In that event it will be a near thing.

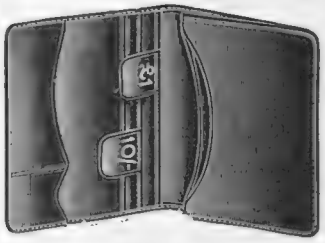
Photo] CAPTAIN C. M. USHER *[Sport & General*

Captain of the Scottish International Rugby Football Fifteen, which gained such a notable victory over Wales in their recent encounter at Inverleith

FOOTBALL

"Rugger" and "Soccer"

IN a recent leading article in the *Field* the following sentence occurs:—"The games which used to be known as Association and Rugby are now almost universally described as 'Rugger' and 'Soccer,' even by well-known writers who ought to know better. Doubtless cricket, hockey, and lacrosse would long ago have been known as 'Cricker,' 'Hocker,' and 'Crosser' if they were games which lent themselves to a white heat of enthusiasm." I must confess to being one of the writers who, according to the *Field*, ought to know better, but I am sorry to say that I am not in the least ashamed of it. The practice of adding "er" to the first syllable of a word originated at Harrow, and from there found its way to Oxford and Cambridge, with the result that a number of words of this type were coined and habitually used at the 'Varsities. That the terms "Rugger" and "Soccer" have now passed into such general use is due simply to the large number of public school and



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PIGSKIN or MOROCCO **13/9**
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Special **59/6** Value.

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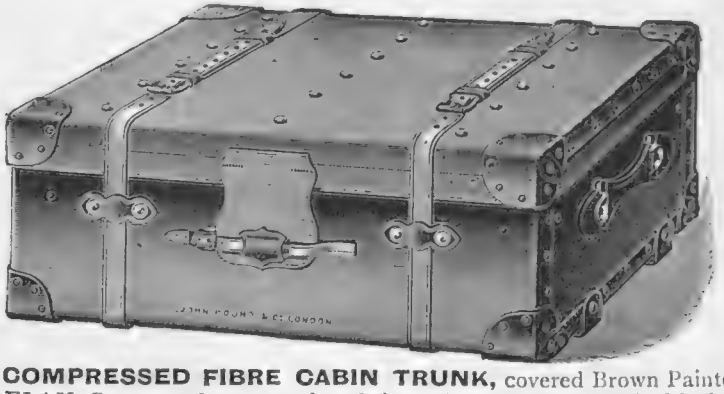

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30 ins.	33 ins.	36 ins.
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Leisure well Earned!

"A busy day, Sir, but I've just served the port and a good supply of Kensitas, so they won't require me again for some time.

"I'm just resting for ten minutes in my own chair to enjoy a Kensitas myself and test this fresh supply of Tawny.

"It isn't necessary to test the Kensitas, Sir, because I long ago discovered that Kensitas cigarettes are always . . . 'as good as really good cigarettes can be.'"

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Extra Large Virginia Cigarettes

20 for 1/4

50 for 3/3. 100 for 6/4.

Of all High-class Tobacconists.
See the name on every box and cigarette.

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174-175-176 Piccadilly, W.

P 219

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

'Varsity players who take part in the two games, and not to "a white heat of enthusiasm" of any sort or kind.

LAWN TENNIS

The late Captain Eaves

CAPTAIN W. V. EAVES, O.B.E., R.A.M.C., who died in a nursing home in London last week from the effects of blood-poisoning, was a lawn tennis player of great popularity and considerable renown. Though an Australian by birth—he was born at St. Kilda, Melbourne, in 1867—he learnt his lawn tennis and spent the greater part of his life in England, where he first came into prominence as a player about the year 1890. For twenty years thenceforward he held a high position among our leading players, and while he was at his zenith, between 1894 and 1900, there was no one who could have made sure of beating him. He never won the championship at Wimbledon, but no man has ever been nearer to it, for in 1895 he was within an ace of winning the final (which was also the championship match, as the holder had retired) against W. Baddeley, when a lob with which he had completely beaten his opponent pitched only an inch or two out, and Baddeley, after this lucky escape, managed to get on terms and eventually to win the match.

THE LATE CAPTAIN W. V. EAVES

The famous lawn tennis player, whose death at the age of 52 took place in London last week. He served with the R.A.M.C. during the war

A Famous Volleyer

IT was his volleying which made Eaves the fine player that he was. When serving he almost in variably followed his service up, and when not serving his aim and object was to reach the net as soon as possible. At the back of the court he played a sound game, and his command of the ball enabled him to keep a good length and place with accuracy, but there was only a moderate amount of severity in his shots, and he only played from the base-line when he was obliged to. At the very first chance up he would go, and when once there it took a very good shot indeed to beat him. A doctor by profession, he served in that capacity both in the South African campaign and in the late War. In lawn tennis he will long be remembered, even by those who have only seen him, as a fine player and a good sportsman, while those who knew him will mourn the loss of a most delightful companion. H.S.S.

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a Perfume by
Yardley

The mingled odours of a wealth of choice and lovely flowers.

It strikes a note of delicacy and elegance, full of charm to the cultivated taste that has outgrown a liking for common heavy scents.

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VANITY FAIR PERFUME
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VANITY FAIR FACE POWDER
2/6 and 4/6 per box.
VANITY FAIR VANISHING CREAM
2/6 per pot.

Of all high-class Chemists and Perfumers, and from
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Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.

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"Yes, smart, isn't it? Splendid idea, saved me pounds!"

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Appreciation

Every day brings further proof of the wonderful merits of Hall's Wine. Every week adds its quota to the numbers of letters of appreciation received. Every year adds to the sales of Hall's Wine—sales that in themselves are practical evidence of appreciation.

Still demand keeps growing and greater efforts are made each week to cope with it. Of all the letters of appreciation received, the most interesting and the most convincing are those received from doctors.

We quote below from but a few of these letters from doctors.

NEVER FAILS

"After long experience of Hall's Wine I still continue to prescribe it, and have never failed to obtain decided benefit in all cases."

FOR "NERVES"

"I have found Hall's Wine particularly efficacious in general weakness and nerve weakness, and have recommended it to hundreds."

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

During the latter months of the War when the necessity for Hall's Wine grew more urgent, owing to the worry and anxiety of the times, doctors wrote appealing for special supplies for their patients.

One doctor writes: "I certify my patient is deriving much benefit from Hall's Wine, and recommend that he be supplied further." Another said: "I wish my patient to continue Hall's Wine for her health's sake."

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6

BY FIELD·STREAM & COVERT

Photographs *Richard Clapham*

FOXHUNTING IN THE LAKELAND FELLS.
Sport with hounds in the mountainous Westmorland district is very different from that seen in the Shires, but the followers are equally keen. These views of a day with the Coniston Hounds give an idea of the surroundings in which the pack hunts its foxes

Unlucky South Oxfordshire

LET us hope that the South Oxfordshire people are in for a really good time under their new joint Masters. They assuredly deserve it after their melancholy experience this winter. It was the worst of luck to have the season cut short at Christmas by the restrictions of the Rabies Order, and, unfortunately, there seems to be no prospect of further hunting yet awhile in this sporting country. The Garth Hounds were similarly affected in the first two months of the season, but happily the embargo was removed in the New Year, and Major Jackson is busily making up for lost time.

New M.F.H.'s

THIS year the inevitable gaps in the ranks of M.F.H.'s are filling up very satisfactorily. Lord Hillingdon, a keen young sportsman, is taking the Grafton country. Sir Harold Nutting is going to the Meynell, and Mr. J. P. Arkwright takes the North Warwickshire once more. Another recent hunting arrangement is the appointment of Major Jessop and Mr. Ramsden as joint Masters of the Southwold country, in Lincolnshire. Here again the financial difficulties appear to have been satisfactorily surmounted. As an example of how vastly hunting expenses have increased I may mention

Photograph *Topical Press*

A YOUNG POLO ENTHUSIAST
Sir Pyers Mostyn, who has been playing in tournaments at Cannes

Photograph *Topical Press*

WITH THE ALBRIGHTON HOUNDS AT LILLIESHALL HOUSE
The home of Sir John Leigh. Colonel C. G. Mayall M.F.H. (on left) and some supporters, namely, Miss Hickman, Mr. Victor Hickman, and Sir John Leigh

that it now costs something like £5,000 to hunt a four-days-a-week country like the Southwold, and, of course, the outgoings are even heavier in the case of the fashionable countries of the Shires.

Polo Players at Cannes

A SATISFACTORY start has been made with the winter polo season at Cannes. Major "Rattle" Barrett is a splendid organiser, and under his management you can safely reckon that the revival of the game on the Côte d'Azur will be successfully accomplished. At present they are rather short of good players, but a number are still expected. Lord Rocksavage, who has a villa on the Riviera, is extremely keen on lawn-tennis, but he is playing polo as well, and he will be well in the running when the Selection Committee come to choose their team to meet the Americans next year. As Lord Wimborne has recently pointed out, there is a good deal of spade work to be done before England can secure the best side and the best ponies with which to resist the attempt to snatch back the Cup.

Photograph Topical Press

"RATTLE" AT CANNES

Major F. W. Barrett, the famous International player, is managing the polo season at Cannes

"FRANK"—OF WEYHILL

Mr. Frank Hartigan, who has trained many good jumpers as well as big winners on the flat, is looking forward to a busy year

By "The Tout"

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Aintree Outlook

IN racing circles the talk now is all of the Spring Handicaps. When the Lincoln is not the subject of discussion it is the National—you cannot get away from the two. You may safely reckon that there will be enormous crowds at Liverpool. Early in January I was a trifle disgusted when I received the notice "full up" from one of the big railway hotels where I have never previously been "turned down." I have been able to secure less desirable accommodation, but the incident shows you the exceptional interest which is being taken in the meeting this year.

No "Gift" for the Favourite

SOME of the pessimists feared that the bottom would be knocked out of the great steeplechase owing to the fact that the handicapper was debarred from putting any more weight on Poethlyn than he carried

RACING NOTIONS (concluded).

last year. "It will be a gift for him," they said. But the Grand National is much too tricky a race for it to be a certainty for any horse. I have seen too many "good things" come to grief at Aintree to be overwhelmingly confident about the hottest of favourites. So far as Poethlyn is concerned, I think that wherever he finishes, Ballyboggan must be there, too, for they are weighted to an ounce on last year's form.

The Irishmen

As you will have gathered from my earlier remarks on the race, Ballyboggan is a special favourite of mine, and I will confess that if he wins I will not be a loser on the race. I have also a wholesome respect for the other Irish crack, Troytown. I have looked carefully through the weights with the object of trying to find something likely to beat the top-weight, but without deriving any satisfaction from the search. I am, at the moment, quite convinced that if Poethlyn is beaten it will be by one of the Irishmen.

A Lincoln Note

Writing on the Lincolnshire on the night of the appearance of the acceptances, I put in a good word for Sir Berkeley. Last week he was quoted at 100 to 8, and that struck me as being a very fair price. It will be a few pounds in his favour to have Steve Donoghue in the saddle, and if Mr. "Jimmy" White takes it into his head to have a dash, you can reckon that Sir Berkeley's price will come tumbling down to half of what it is at the present moment.

Photograph *Photopress*

CAPT. WALTER DORLING

A half-brother of the late Mr. H. M. Dorling, he has been appointed Joint Clerk of the Course at Epsom with Mr. W. G. Langlands

At Hurst Park

I hope we shall see a few of the prominent Grand National horses, such as Poethlyn and his evergreen companion, Lutteur III., at Hurst Park this week-end. In any case the meeting looks like being successful, and you may depend upon the public rolling up in its thousands. I am amazed by the number of people who now go racing. On the opening day, **Jack Point** may win the Richmond Hurdle Race, and it will probably be the turn of **Marc Simon** in the Novices' Steeplechase. If you see any movement for **Home Fire** you might have a little on him for the Molesey Hurdle Race on Saturday.

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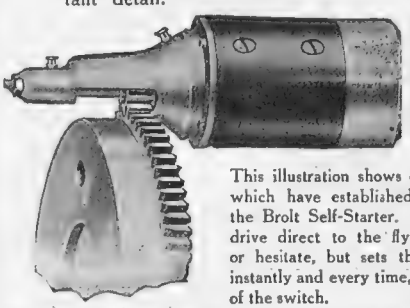

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This illustration shows one of the features which have established the supremacy of the Brolt Self-Starter. The positive gear drive direct to the flywheel cannot slip or hesitate, but sets the engine running, instantly and every time, at a simple touch of the switch.

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Birds and Beasts of Our Time

No. II.—THE HIPPOPROFITEERUM

Universal—both hemispheres. So far only known in the male species

BY LAURIE TAYLER

BOOK NOTES

BY RALPH STRAUS

Of all living writers Kipling, I suppose, has seen his work issued in the greatest number of beautiful and sumptuous editions. And now there is one more to be added to the list. The inclusive edition of *Rudyard Kipling's Verse*, 1885–1918 (Hodder and Stoughton, three volumes: £3 3s. net), is very beautifully produced and seems to contain everything, even that once famous song "An Absent-Minded Beggar," which, twenty years ago, introduced England to something like propaganda. In the old days you used to argue about Kipling's verse: in these days you accept it with grateful thanks and re-read your favourite poems. During the War if a recitation was publicly given, no matter where, ten to one the piece chosen was by Kipling, a fact which led to the opinion that Kipling is no more than a poet of war.

If proof were needed to the contrary these three volumes would give it. Men, who are wont to say that poetry is not much in their line, make an exception with Kipling, and are likely to stare at you if you ask why, but the reason is not difficult to find. In Kipling's verse the man who is really a man will find so many of those half-hidden, half-realised thoughts and aspirations of his own. And his craftsmanship is cunning and good. Well, here is the complete collection gathered into three volumes which, if they will not actually slip into the pocket, are in no sense unwieldy. It is a brave venture, this edition, which will make a most delightful present.

Talking of propaganda, there is an interesting book, just published, which suggests that we did not take to it too easily in this country. Mrs. H. Pearl Adam's carefully kept diary, *Paris Sees It Through* (Hodder and Stoughton: 15s. net), is, of course, by no means only concerned with this new method of self-advertisement, but you gather from her gossipy pages that Paris during those dreadful days of War was none too well-informed about our own activities. In fact, there were other times besides those fateful days before it was known for certain that we were "coming in," when Great Britain was thought by Parisians to be behaving in none too generous a way, and Anglo-French friendship was not quite so firm as people at home liked to think. We took our time, but only because we were forced to do so. Meanwhile Paris lived out her own altered life, very bravely for the most part though oddly on occasions. You obtain a surprisingly clear idea of her real conditions during the time of stress from Mrs. Adam's first-hand account, and feel glad that we had a "chiel" there taking notes of such varied interest.

They didn't take the "Decca" with them,

so I had it brought to me here in the library, and to-night music shall people my solitude. Just one or two old favourites, then the paper, after that some more "Decca."

Wonderful, the pleasure we have all had from this little gramophone. Here, at home, in almost every room in the house; away, we've had it at the seaside, and the boys never leave it behind when week-ending on the river. As for dances, they always seem to be taking it to friends' houses. I count myself lucky to have the "Decca" even for one night!

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THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

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THE BLINDED SOLDIERS' FUTURE.

By SIR ARTHUR PEARSON.

I HAVE been thinking how truly remarkable is the sympathy which the public has shown towards the case of the soldiers blinded in the War. It is never really easy to realise a condition beyond our experience. But the least imaginative people seem to have an instinctive idea of what loss of sight means. It may be due a little to partial experience—to the difficulties everyone has felt of finding his way in a dark room, of walking even over familiar country when everything is in blackness, and of the tediousness of wakeful hours in the night.

Blindness which comes to aged people, whose work perhaps is done, whose interests and activities are already limited, is still one of the heaviest of all personal calamities. In the case of our blinded soldiers, none are old; the majority are in the prime of their early manhood, or mere boys at the very beginning of life. Those who are born blind know nothing of the world as light transforms it, of things or people as they appear. But these young men had their vision and lost it, as the mountaineer, looking down on the coloured landscape, may find himself suddenly enveloped in fog, and shut out from the beauty about him. For them the way through life must ever be in this gloom, while the people about them remain in the sunshine.

The heart of a blinded man must cry out for this lost joy, for his lost independence, for his lost power to do things. Thus it falls to us to find for him quickly a way to regain activity and self-reliance, to develop every faculty that will help the mind to picture the unseen. We cannot restore the joys of sight, but we can remove the tragedy of idle brooding in the darkness, over an empty life.

What has made the future bright for these blinded soldiers, in spite of the darkness in which they live, is a determination to regard the loss of sight merely as a handicap which they exert themselves constantly to lighten. The moment they accept the inevitable, and begin to see what can be done in spite of it, they become cheerful. When these men first come to see me at St. Dunstan's, we begin at once to look forward. We start, as it were, with the prospect of a flourishing little poultry-farm, or a snug shop where, to the astonishment of the neighbourhood, boots are being repaired by a blind cobbler. This blind cobbler, as we see him, will be able to do pretty well everything for himself, dress himself, of course, take his place at table like anyone else, find his way easily about his house and outside with proper caution. Instead of the ordinary newspapers or books to glance through, he will read with his fingers books and newspapers printed in Braille, a system by which also he will make notes and keep accounts for his own reference, and write to his blind friends. To other people he will write on a typewriter that he owns. In his shop he will handle practically the same tools as any sighted cobbler, and, perhaps, having to take extra care, do even better work. For recreation, the theatres can still be enjoyed, though in a new way, and concerts perhaps more than before; our cobbler can dance and join in a game of chess, draughts, dominoes or cards (special ones marked with Braille dots), he can swim and he can row.

The hopeless blind man becomes that efficient cobbler (if cobbler he chooses to be instead of selecting some other occupation of several in which blind men may excel) in the course of a year or a little more at St. Dunstan's. To equip himself in the class-rooms and workshops is his part of the contract; to see that the typewriter and all that is needed for his shop duly materialise, is for us to attend to. Over a thousand of these blinded soldiers have passed through St. Dunstan's, and have been set up in some occupation at which, apart from their pensions, they are now earning a living. Some hundreds of them have married since they lost their sight, and have children—children they have never seen, but whom they know by magic of love, no doubt, but also by the ways in which the blind learn to see without sight.

St. Dunstan's is still full, indeed almost as busy as ever. On the heels of the men blinded on the battlefield, there are coming to us those others, whom blindness has overtaken gradually (23,000 men were discharged from the army with seriously damaged sight). That is one reason why the work is not yet nearing an end. Another reason is that we are dealing with a great number of difficult cases. The men who were physically fit passed through their period of re-education in an astonishingly short time; others cannot. We are hampered, too, by the difficulty of getting suitable homes and shops and small poultry-farms for men who have completed their training, and who might otherwise make room for others.

I therefore still need all the support I can get for St. Dunstan's, and the more so because the cost of everything has so tremendously increased. It costs double what it once did to provide for our guests, and there is the same difficulty to face when it comes to setting them up in the home industries which they have learned in our workshops.

ARTHUR PEARSON,
Chairman, Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Care Committee.

All subscriptions or donations should be addressed to me or to the Treasurer, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.
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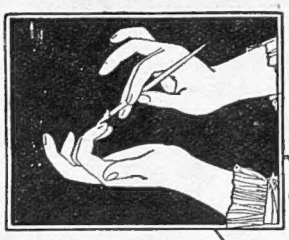

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Never *cut* the cuticle round your nail because that makes the skin hard, and unsightly hangnails result. The dainty, better way is to remove the cuticle gently with Cutex. Wrap some absorbent cotton round the orange stick you find in the Cutex package and gently push back the cuticle. It softens at once—then disappears. Rinse your fingers in clean, cold water and dry them. Even after one Cutex manicure you will be astonished at the improvement in your nails. ¶ Cutex costs only 2/6 at any Chemists, Stores or Perfumers. ¶ Cutex nail white and Cutex cuticle comfort are each 2/6 also. Post free 2/9 from

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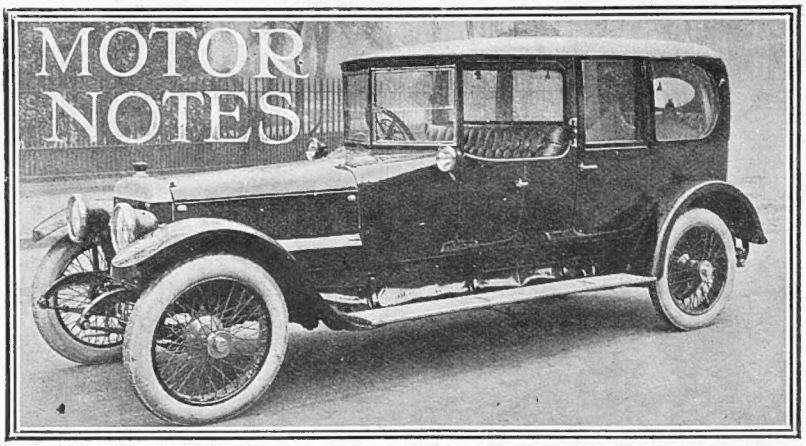
MOTOR NOTES



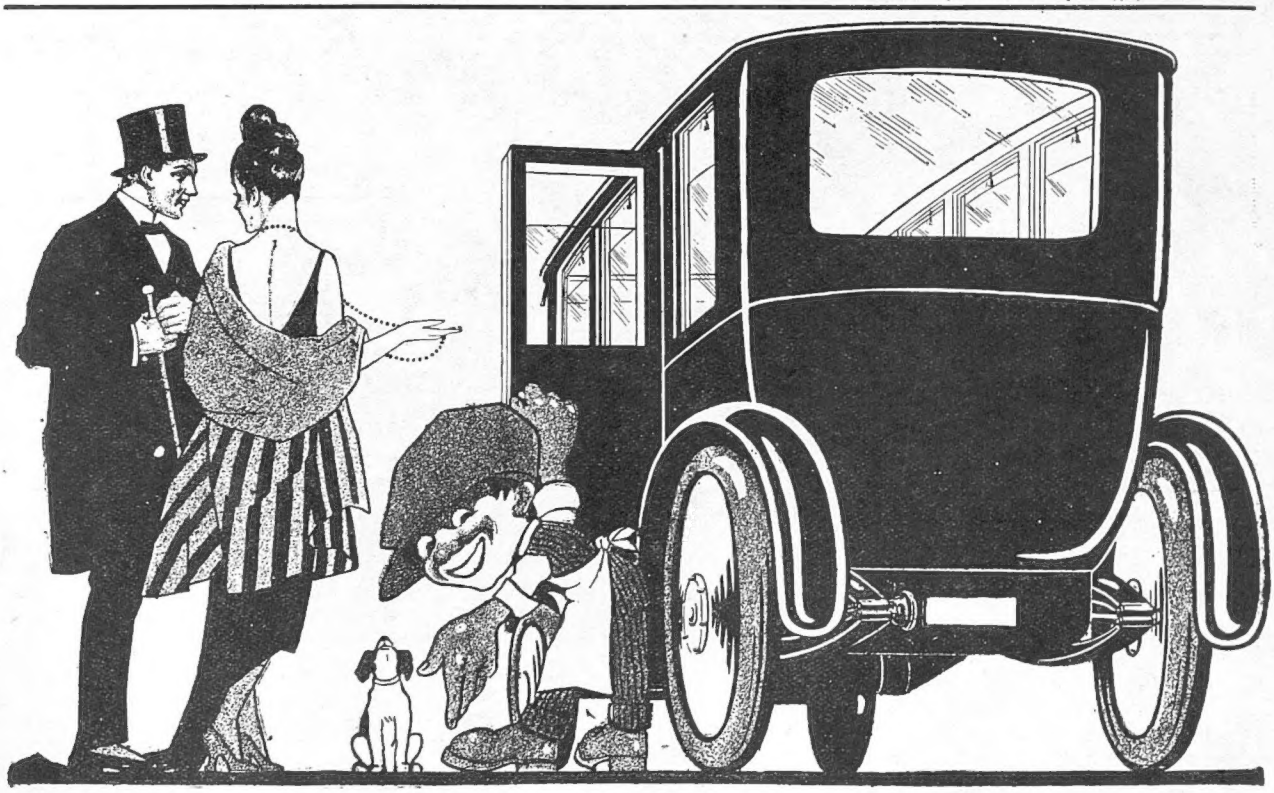
A HANDSOME EXAMPLE OF THE CONNAUGHT ARUNDEL LIMOUSINE ON A 30 h.p. DAIMLER CHASSIS

IF all you petrol-using motorists don't get busy at once you're for it properly this time. And me, too, worse luck; still, I mean to kick a bit, anyway, and the sooner you all start trying to help yourselves the better for all concerned. Petrol at 3*s.* 9*d.* per gallon, tax at £1 per horse-power on new and old cars alike, both are going to add so greatly to our cost of running that some of us will seriously have to consider whether we can afford a car at all. There is one thing certain, and that is there must be no more carelessness in filling tanks or flooding carburetters or leaks of the precious fluid in any possible way, as extravagance in this line costs too much money. After all, this may teach some folk that the only way to counter the rise in the price of petrol is to use the greatest economy in handling it. My advice is to overhaul the carburetter and be sure to note if there is any wear on the needle allowing a permanent leakage from the jet, or that the level of the float chamber is set higher than the top of the jet, which happens to motor-cycles even more than cars, and is a fruitful source of wasting petrol. As for the increased tax, the Government intend to make motorists pay extra for their use of the roads for the benefit of all other participants, and both the organisations that are supposed to look after private motorists' interest have actually concurred in this—well—principle, so that unless some new combination of motorists is formed, there is no machinery available for collective protest. Why on earth do not the R.A.C. and A.A. realise that ten years ago there was less road traffic than to-day? and that consequently if the local and county rates are the right media through which the world pays for the making and maintenance of our highways, motorists should be treated on equal lines with the horse-drawn lorry owner, who pays his rates only, without any extra demand towards the £7,000,000 that the motorist alone has to find for the benefit of all road-users. But it seems idle to protest, as the money has to be found, though I am not at all sure whether the increased charges will not drive so many off the road that the total produced will be less than is anticipated.

* * *

WRITING of how necessary it is to be economical under present conditions, I am reminded of a useful little table, recently published by the Dunlop Rubber Company, dealing with air pressures and loads for pneumatic tyres. How often motorists ask "What size tyres ought I to use?" and "To what air-pressure should I inflate them?" and frequently the replies are apt to mislead. Before these questions are answered it is necessary to know from the inquirer just exactly

(*Continued on page 470*)



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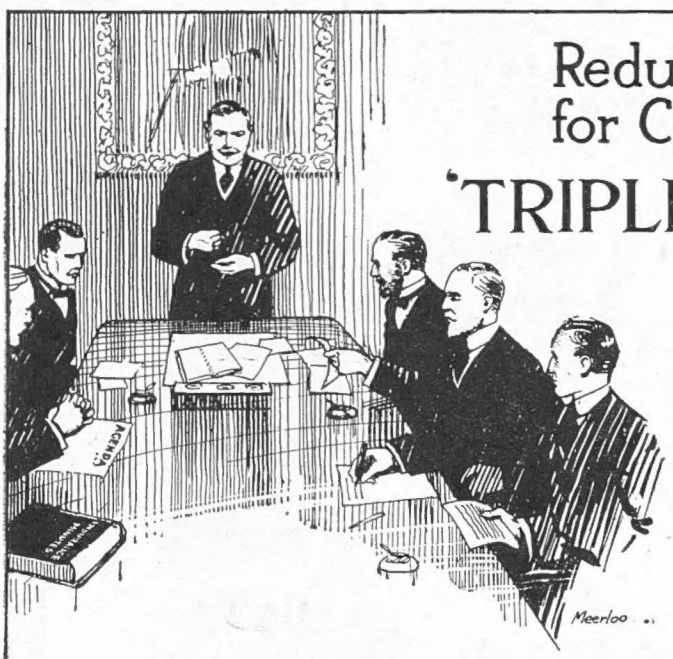

To totally eliminate the risk of injury from flying splinters is not the expensive matter that many suppose. "Triplex" costs more in the first instance, but it *actually saves its own cost in the first few years by reducing premiums on Road Policies.* The British Oak Insurance Co. are providing a special "Triplex" Policy for this express purpose.

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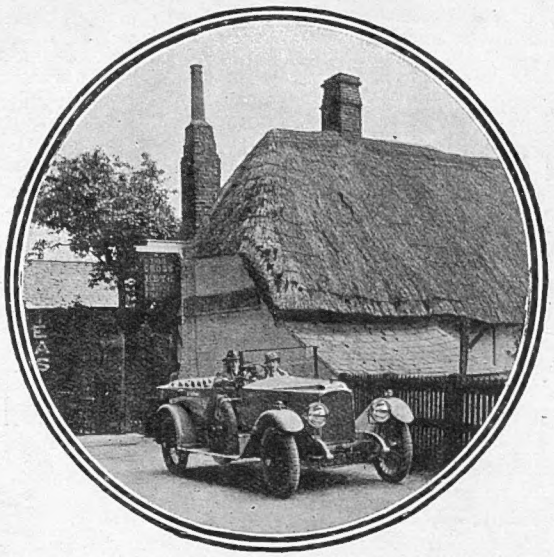
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

what he seeks in tyre service. Is it biggest possible mileage or the maximum cushioning effect? It is no use saying both, as that can only be given by a tyre equipment so greatly outside the range of present practice as to be impracticable on account of cost, weight, and constructional difficulties. For instance, a 6-in. or 150 m.m. tyre on a light car might well approximate both maximum mileage and cushioning effect at a suitable pressure, but could scarcely be called a practicable equipment.

* * *

In the Dunlop tables, the pressures and loads, under which any given size of pneumatic tyre of standard type will give the best all-round results on average roads, are set out, the "best" service being printed in red figures. It is well worth sending a postcard to Aston Cross, their works at Birmingham, asking for these, which are gladly sent to all and sundry who express a desire for the information. Considering that tyre care is of great importance in reducing costs on the road, one cannot know too much in regard to the best way of getting the longest life, under the most comfortable conditions, from a car's wheel coverings.

I notice that Mr. S. F. Edge, like myself, does not greatly care for central gear control, especially for small cars. At any rate, such is what I gather from a recent contribution of his to that excellent motor journal, the *Auto*. It is part of his argument that we should not copy from our rivals in America, as he thinks the personal discomfort outweighs the advantages of the manufacturing side. After all, comfort in the car is the main and chief attribute to be considered. Strange to say, European motor-car makers always first studied the comfort of the driver, while American manufacturers preferred to cater more strongly for the passengers in the rear seats. The consequence is that our cars fit the driver very much better than those from the U.S.A., which seldom give anyone but of a short, slim build sufficient room either to get into the seat or length enough for the legs in the front seats. When one comes to the rear ones the boot is on the other foot, and British cars, until quite recently, never worried about foot-rests, or back windscreens, or rug rails, and many other little comforts that the cheapest American car provided. Old Hy.



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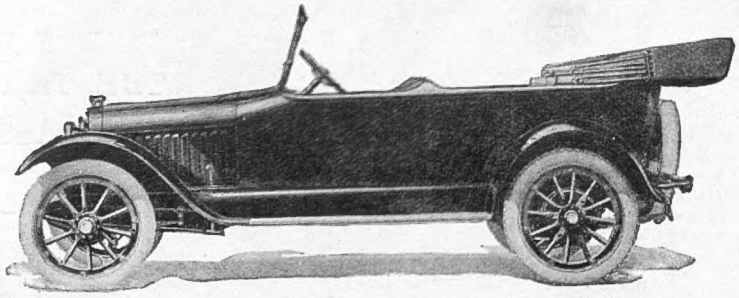
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